

FRANK LESLIE'S
NEWSPAPER
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ELEVATION OF THE NEW STATUE OF CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL TO ITS PEDESTAL ON THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VA., APRIL 4TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—SEE PAGE 82.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1867.

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Special Notice.

WITH the next number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, the portrait of WENDELL PHILLIPS, in companion size with that of the Hon. THADDEUS STEVENS, and forming Number Two of the National Portrait Gallery, will be given away gratuitously to every purchaser.

Another Gift.

WITH NO. 26 of FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY, we present to our patrons a Title and Contents for the first half-yearly volume. Thanking them for the success which has attended our efforts to provide a good and cheap Juvenile Magazine for their amusement and instruction, we are content to let the WEEKLY speak for itself, assuring them that we shall continue to improve its various features, and likewise to find new ones for their approval.

We can truly say that this is the cheapest publication for young folks on both sides of the Atlantic, containing, as it does, in addition to the varied contents of its sixteen large folio pages, twenty first-class engravings, for five cents! Besides our three prizes weekly for the successful solutions of the Round Table, we have given away to our purchasers four handsome engravings, namely, Wayne's Assault on Stony Point, the Game of Loto, a Comic Checker-Board, and Grant in Peace, in addition to the Title and Contents mentioned above.

What Shall we Do with It?

THE Senate has confirmed the Treaty by which Russia cedes her possessions on this continent to the United States. The formalities of the exchange of the ratifications and the payment of the stipulated price will require but a short time to complete, and then the whole of this territory, together with all rights of whatever kind Russia had in it, will be declared to belong to the United States, and subject to our laws and Government. To judge from the tone of the Press and the absence of any popular demonstrations, the public, in the Atlantic States at least, appear to regard this acquisition with indifference if not with complete apathy. On the Pacific, however, some exultation is shown, though it is evident that the communities there would, if their boundaries are to be extended at all, have much preferred they should have been so to the South instead of toward the frozen North. Fishing and hunting, as contributors to their wealth, have scarcely become engrained on societies whose traditional instincts are rather in favor of mining and agriculture, and a slice of Mexico would have been more welcome than thousands of square miles of snow and ice. With patience, however, we shall get both, and meanwhile, as "manifest destiny" has added immensely to our national domain, it may be worth our while to consider how we may best take advantage of it.

Till a new name has been given, we suppose it is only right to call this adopted country by the name it yet bears on the maps—Russian America. When the proper time comes, no doubt, our versatile Secretary of State will be ready with appropriate names for the Territories into which it will be properly divided, and Territorial governments will be organized forthwith in the usual manner. The third article of the Treaty provides that the Russian inhabitants who remain in the ceded territory shall be entitled to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of American citizens, and shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property and religion. This latter clause shows in a very pleasant manner the benefit Russia has derived from her increasing intercourse with our civilization. It is something new to find Russia stipulating for anything like freedom in politics or religion and, as she is taking leave of 70,000 or 80,000 of her subjects, it is perhaps only proper, in committing them to the protection of their new country, she should adopt a phraseology current among those whose fellow-citizens they are about to become. Perhaps the loss of so many faithful children may cause their Emperor deep regrets, ill compensated by a paltry \$7,000,000, or it may be that he really believes that their condition as American citizens will not be inferior to that of Russian subjects. We have very little trustworthy information as yet as to the social condition of these people. As the Czar carefully divides them into civilized and uncivilized, and stipulates for the former all the privileges of American citizens, it may be presumed that they are able, if not

exactly to govern themselves, at least to learn by the example of our settlers among them how we carry out that idea. Being members of the Greek Oriental Church, their religious condition ought to excite the liveliest interest on the part of those who a few years ago were strenuous advocates of a fusion of the American Episcopal with that church. At that time, few imagined that many thousand Russians of a Greek church would so soon become part of ourselves. The subject is one full of interest to those of a proselytizing turn of mind, and will, no doubt, open a new field of discussion in the approaching May meetings.

Turning to the material advantages of our new Territories—we use the plural number only in an anticipatory sense—we find them to consist in vast tracts of timber, and in valuable fisheries. The growth of timber on the Pacific coast is scanty. The supply even in Oregon is not inexhaustible, and it is stated that that in Russian America is so large as to render California practically independent for the future as regards this very important article.

The fisheries are represented as being of immense value, but as the deep sea fishery is open to the world, it must be presumed that it is to the coast fisheries that our Government attaches a high money value. It is certainly worth something to fishermen to be able to go on shore and dry or salt their fish. If we mistake not, such a privilege is accorded to our fishermen on the coast of Nova Scotia, but we never heard that our Government was willing to pay some millions of dollars for it, and should it ever be shown that Mr. Seward consented to pay \$7,000,000 for what he could have had for nothing, Yankee shrewdness will rather lose caste, whatever the world may think of the Secretary's lavishness.

We cannot see the force of the argument that the harbors of the coast will afford fine naval stations in view of our increasing intercourse with Japan and China. Surely all this shows a lamentable ignorance of geographical distances. It might just as reasonably be maintained that a naval station in Greenland could control the commerce of the North Atlantic, and a single glance at any good map will show our readers how lame such arguments are. There are sufficiently strong reasons for the nation to be contented with this acquisition without bringing forward arguments which tend to cover it with ridicule, such as some of our contemporaries have indulged in. Such are, that it rounds off our national domain—and that it gives us command of Behring's Straits, and all the valuable commerce that comes through that passage. It would not be a whit more preposterous than to say that it places us as near the North Pole as any other nation, and gives a new base for our explorers of an open Polar Sea to start from. Perhaps, however, we might borrow a hint from our friend the Czar, and establish in the territory a sort of Siberia for political offenders and State criminals, or offer its solitudes to the Mormon Saints, whose semi-rebellious practices in Utah we shall not much longer endure.

Maximilian in Danger.

If our national vanity could be tickled by affairs involving personal danger to others, we ought to be much obliged to the Emperor of Austria for the compliment he has just paid to us. Had the position from which our good offices are invoked to rescue Maximilian been one in which that unfortunate puppet was simply ridiculous, we might have been pardoned for indulging in a quiet chuckle at the way in which France and ourselves have changed places as regards a protectorate in Mexico. But when life and death are involved, we dismiss or postpone such considerations, and set to work in real earnest to carry out the interposition asked of us. It is not often, indeed, that we see an Emperor coming to us with such a petition as that which Austria lately presented in Washington. It is the supposed influence of our interposition with Juarez that is asked for, that he will not put to death the Emperor's brother in case he becomes his captive, an event which seems only too probable. There is a sad medley of inconsistencies and contradictions about this. It would seem natural that the Emperor of Austria should demand his brother's safety from the Emperor Napoleon, through whose influence and persuasion he was placed in danger. Probably Napoleon's reply would be in substance: "True, I took Maximilian to Mexico, and placed him on the throne there; but those Yankees intrigued against me, and their moral pressure was too strong to be resisted, and finally I ordered my army to leave the country. Your brother might have accompanied it and been in safety, but he chose to remain and endeavor to conciliate the Mexicans, who, though of my favorite Latin race, are, I confess, the most turbulent, treacherous, and impracticable people I ever met with. I fear your brother may come to grief, but you had better ask Mr. Seward what he can do."

It seems only like the other day that the Sherman-Campbell diplomatic mission sought

Juarez in vain. Either he did not want to see them, or they had good reasons for not being in earnest in finding him. Now—this is another inconsistency—Juarez seems to be within hailing distance; a courier can reach his headquarters, though the American Minister cannot. From whence, too, arises our supposed influence over Juarez that he should spare the foes he has vowed to destroy? Possibly Mr. Seward sees his way clearly through the tortuous mazes of Mexican politics; but to ordinary minds the only real clue is to shoot your opponent as soon as you capture him, and get shot in your turn when you are captured.

Is it not, besides, rather a disagreeable reflection that, while our influence is supposed to be so potent beyond our own borders, we cannot, within them, restrain savage Indian tribes from massacring our brave troops? that while in Mexico we can save the life of one man, we cannot at Fort Phil Kearney or Fort Buford protect the lives of hundreds?

We have never yet clearly understood why Maximilian remained behind when the French evacuated Mexico. Was he the victim to some intrigue of Bazaine? Or is it possible he was so far deluded as to suppose that the Mexicans would, under any circumstance, elect a foreigner to reign over them? or, if they did, that they would not depose him within a few months, as they do their own countrymen who rise to that position? Cortez burned his ships, cutting off his retreat, because he knew his army was sufficient for his purposes of conquest. If any such desperate and chivalrous valor animated the Austrian archduke, he was unfortunate in the circumstances surrounding his enterprise, for he appealed to the honor and generosity of a people to whom such sentiments are unknown. If Cortez had failed in his attempt on Mexico, and been compelled to retreat to the coast, he might have lamented, as it seems probable that Maximilian will, that he had voluntarily deprived himself of the means of escape.

If, in spite of all our Government can do, Maximilian should become the victim of the animosity of the Liberals, we shall not envy the feelings of the French Emperor, who tempted him to his destruction. It will be in vain for him to say that Maximilian's death was his own fault; that he ought to have left the country with the French troops, but that he obstinately determined to tempt fate by staying behind. The world will never be persuaded that the French did not purposely leave him in the lurch; and in the coming struggle in Europe, Napoleon may find that the Austrians neither forgive nor forget the unhappy fate of their favorite prince.

England and Spain—The Tornado.

"A BRITISH fleet is ordered to Cadiz." Such is the cable dispatch which startled the public a few days ago, and when it was added that this belligerent measure was in consequence of the Tornado affair, considerable curiosity was shown as to what this Tornado was which could excite so violently a Power which, of late years, has been rather ingloriously distinguished by a love of peace at any price. We shall render our readers a service if we give a slight sketch of the career of this vessel, the causes which led to her seizure by Spain, and the provocation which Great Britain has received to a *quasi* hostile demonstration.

Any hostilities between Great Britain and Spain involve so closely the fate of Cuba, that—to use a diplomatic phrase—the United States cannot view with indifference the progress of events which so closely affect their interests.

This Tornado is the same vessel that was once so notorious under the name of the Pampero. When our civil war was over an attempt was made to send her in the service of Chile for a similar purpose to that on which she was nearly being sent to the (so-called) Confederate States. From Glasgow she sailed to Hamburgh, and from thence to the Faroe Islands, where she met a small vessel with munitions of war, she herself being obviously built for warlike purposes. The Danish authorities interfered, and the crew of the Tornado refused to allow her to receive a cargo altering the nature of her voyage, and subjecting them to the risks of belligerents. She then went to Leith Roads, and there, on the representations of the Spanish Legation in London, she was narrowly watched, and searched to see if she had taken, or was taking on board, warlike stores for the Chilean service. No evidence against her was found, and she was allowed to depart on the 10th of August for Madeira, where she coaled, and where a Spanish frigate, the Gerona, was lying in wait for her. On leaving Funchal she went out of her due course, as if to escape observation, and was captured by the Gerona within a few hours after she sailed. The captain and crew assert that they were treated with great rigor, that they were robbed of all their effects, put in irons, and subjected to the harshest treatment of prisoners of war. The Tornado was carried to Cadiz, and there was very strong evidence against her that she was really contraband of war, and English writers admit that had she

been condemned by a proper procedure, there would have been no ground for remonstrating against her condemnation.

But so far from an equitable procedure being followed, what the Spanish Government did was to collect depositions from the crew, and from such other quarters as were accessible, and lay them before a law official called the Auditor. This personage made a long and elaborate report, in which, although the ordinary rules of evidence, as our own courts and those of England esteem evidence, were contemptuously thrust aside, he recommended the condemnation of the vessel. This report was dated the 6th of December, and up to that time there was not much to object to in the proceedings, except perhaps some unusual delay. The crew had in the meantime remained in prison and subject to treatment which, though very bad, has been shown to be no worse than what the ordinary Spanish sailor has to endure. Wretched accommodation, insufficient food, unhealthy quarters, and the stoppage of free intercourse with their consul, were their chief complaints, and when these abuses were continually month after month on various frivolous pretexts, the British Government felt itself justified in making a very strong remonstrance against a detention, which, had it lasted even only a few days, was clearly illegal.

Nine days after the Auditor's Report was received by the Prize Court, that is, on the 15th of December, it issued a decree condemning the vessel, and this, it appears, was done without any attempt to sift the evidence on which the report was founded, or allowing the owners any opportunity of stating their case and adducing evidence in their favor, and, in fact, without any public sitting, or any warning or notice to any one. Lord Stanley immediately remonstrated against the monstrous injustice of these proceedings, and in reply to the Spanish argument that each nation was justified in following its own method of legal procedure, urged very truly that the action of a Prize Court is very different from that of an ordinary tribunal. A neutral power permits a belligerent to seize the ships of its subjects, and adjudicate on them, because a belligerent government is bound to give compensation if a vessel has been wrongly seized. But if the court which adjudicates act in a manner that amounts to a total denial of justice, the neutral cannot consent that seizures shall be made. A Spanish man-of-war might just as well seize a Falmouth and Lisbon steamer, carry it to Cadiz, bring it before a tribunal which listens to no evidence or representation, but simply issues a decree of condemnation. It is obvious that no Great Power can for a moment consent that the property of private persons can be confiscated in such manner.

As regards the imprisonment and ill-usage of the crew, the remonstrances of the British Government procured the release of all but a few, but these the Spanish Government refuses to release, and moreover refuses to indemnify the men who have been so long and illegally detained in prison. It would appear that this imprisonment of the crew was a popular measure, and the Spanish Ministry would not endanger its popularity merely to please England, or to do justice to Englishmen. It is evident that the forbearance of the British Government has been overrated. The detention and condemnation of the Tornado by perfectly illegal measures might have been borne, but that Englishmen who had committed no offense should be kept in jail for an indefinite time, and no assurances given as to when they would be released, was a wrong that could not be submitted to, and after a lengthy correspondence, in which the obstinacy of the Spanish Government was the most remarkable feature, and all other modes of redress had proved ineffectual, the fleet was ordered to Cadiz to demand reparation on the spot.

Though this is a warlike measure, it is not war, nor does it follow that war must be the consequence of it. It is only a few years since a French fleet was sent to Lisbon on a very similar errand, that is, to enforce just claims which would not be granted except under pressure. The demand was granted, and there the affair ended; and in this case of Spain it seems scarcely to be expected that she will declare war. Still there is no knowing what a vindictive and haughty nation may do, and the war-cloud impeding over Europe may first burst in this unexpected quarter. In the event of war it must be chiefly of a naval character; by means of privateers, Spain may do more harm to England, than England can do to her. On the other hand, it is very probable that Cuba would be seized by England. Not as a permanent possession—our protests would be too energetic for that—but as a material guarantee; but it might well be that before the war was over, that rich island may have come into our possession, possibly ceded by one party in order to preserve its neutrality, or possibly sold by the other, as being too costly and dangerous an article to hold. What would the money value of the Queen of the Antilles be to us? If Russian America is worth seven

millions, what ought Mr. Seward to pay for Cuba? The problem is interesting, and its solution may be not far off.

Broadway Foot Bridge.

The only possible excuse for this unsightly affair is that it is the first of its kind, and if no other mode of construction be possible, we hope it will be the last. It will probably be open for traffic before the 4th of July, but enough of the structure is now visible to enable any one to judge of its merits and defects. We are sorry to say that the latter far out-weigh the former. The bridge, when finished, will afford a means of transit for pedestrians when the streets beneath are too crowded with carriages to render crossing them safe. And this is all that can be said for it. When permission was given to throw a single light arch across Broadway, people expected a structure combining some degree of elegance with the maximum of usefulness, or if not very useful, that it would at least be ornamental. But in every way are we disappointed. The bridge is clumsy, heavy, and inartistic, the stairways so steep and badly arranged, that only the most direful peril would induce any modest woman to ascend them, while on a windy day she would rather go round several blocks than brave the scrutiny an ascent would invite.

If the bridge had been intended for a railway, one could understand why the metal should be so heavy. For foot passengers crossing two abreast, it is absurdly massive. The object in using iron in such erections is to combine great strength with apparent lightness, but had this bridge been of wood it could not have presented a more solid appearance. It is absurd to build an iron bridge of the same apparent weight and thickness as one of timber, yet this is just what has been done in this case. Strength is very excellent in its way, but in excess it becomes clumsiness. There is such a thing as combining great strength with apparent airiness; but for such combination let no one look at the new Broadway bridge.

Again, the bridge is at least three feet higher than it need have been, and an ascent and descent of three feet are of some consequence to foot passengers. The steps, we observe, are of wood, which would rapidly be worn out and become dangerous, if there were many inducements for crowds to go over the bridge, which fortunately in this respect there are not. There was no reason why the ascent should not have been a gradual incline from the corner of John street on one side, and Ann street on the other, and in such a case, women and children, and feeble persons, to whom such a bridge would be a benefit, might have used it, whereas now such classes of pedestrians will rather avoid it.

We trust the police will be instructed not to allow people to loiter on the bridge when it is finished. Our country cousins can obtain a fine view of Broadway from its summit, or of any processions that may be passing, but they ought not to be allowed to indulge their gaping propensities at the expense of those to whom haste is of importance.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE Wisconsin Legislature has passed a bill to amend the Constitution of the State, and give the right of suffrage to women. Perhaps, after all, before we die, the women may take their place as women. There is an old piece of wit, dating from the seventeenth century, which consists of an elaborate argument to prove that women are not of the human race; and as far as the logical sequence of the argument goes, the author makes his case out perfectly. The design was to ridicule the arguments urged from Scripture in favor of what was then called the Arian heresy, and the author ingeniously twisted to show that women are now more spoken of in it as belonging to the human family. Now-a-days, however, the women seem to be treating such theories somewhat as the gentleman did who was discovered by his friend seated in the stocks. "Why, dear me! Why are you there?" "Well, for so and so." "But you can't be there for that?" "I can't help it; here I am."

Let the sex, therefore, do what they want, disregarding the timorous, who tell them it is impossible, and they will, to their surprise, find themselves, some fine morning, figuratively in the position of the gentleman we have mentioned. Perhaps the political ring, and the other positions which men now claim as peculiarly their prerogative, are not either more honorable or more convenient than the stocks. But never mind; the simple question then will be for the women to alter this condition, and, in fact, we have no doubt but that they will do so. The present decency prevalent in literature, for example, compared with that which prevailed some few generations ago, is unquestionably due to the fact that women now take an active part in it, and the same result will no doubt be produced in the present filthy pool of politicks by the introduction of the same refining influence. It will be a surprise to the various rings, but for the benefit of the body politic.

There is a society established in Paris for providing the pomp of wedding ceremonies. The company will provide them of every class of elegance to suit the varieties of purse. There will be carriages, the church, candles, the great or small organ, and we presume bridesmaids, bouquets, groomsmen and wedding favors in as large or small quantities as the order will call for. Perhaps in the march of improvement the company will undertake to provide brides and grooms. In this case they will only be carrying out Dr. Johnson's idea, that marriage would, on the whole, be happier than they are now, if the person desiring to form such an alliance addressed him or herself to a committee of staid and reasonable persons who would undertake, from an ex-

amination of character, to provide the applicant with a suitable mate. The only possible improvement that could be suggested to the French Company would be that they should open, in connection with their scheme, a bureau for insuring happiness to those who favor them with their orders.

It is suggested that in view of the present fashions in bonnets, and the decrease in the funds obtained from the internal revenue tax, that the government prepare a new kind of stamp, which the ladies can wear, instead of the frail structures which now pass for head coverings. The advantages of this suggestion are manifest, and not the least is that then the bonnet itself would show how much it cost.

The Great Eastern has made the first of the series of trips, which will be continued during the season that the Great Exposition continues open. The big ship has been renovated and put in fine condition to carry the thousands who will run across the great sea, to be delighted with the world in miniature which will, for its season, occupy the Champs de Mars.

There will be many things to see, and many chances to learn during a few summer months spent in such a trip. Crossing the ocean is like hanging—nothing when one is used to it! To be sure, the actual passage is always disagreeable; it is as bad as remaining ten or twelve days in one of the crowded street cars, or in a Hoboken ferryboat would be; but, then, it could be considered like doing a whole year's riding at once, and will be well repaid by the gain at the journey's end. The Great Eastern, perhaps, enables the passenger of a sensitive stomachic temperament to cross the ocean with as little violence to his feelings as possible, but even her enormous bulk cannot destroy the monotony of an ocean voyage—it cannot vary the level outline of the horizon, or compensate for the complete interruption of our daily avocation. The interest which the novelty of the situation excites soon wears off, and the rest of the trip is best described in Miss Martineau's two lines:

"Two things break the monotony of an Atlantic trip: Sometimes, alas! we ship a sea, sometimes we see a ship!"

But whatever the discomforts and annoyances, they will all be repaid by the delight of being in Paris, of walking through the streets where each shop window is a study of taste, where the *café* open their hospitable doors, and the economically inclined traveler can step in and have only a glass of sugar-water, if that refreshment suits his inclination and his pocket, with the certainty of being treated as politely and deferentially as though he ordered rarities as great as strawberries in winter or game in the early spring.

For those whose only ideas of waiters are derived from experiences here or in England, this wonderful peculiarity of the Parisian *garçon* will be a source of endless delight and surprise. Among the many shrewd men of business who will visit the Exposition, keeping an eager look-out for suggestions to make money from it, the fortunate man who can discover and capture the secret of the unwaried politeness of the *garçon*, and bring it home here with him, will make the most money. The supply of it seems perennial in Paris. It strikes the stranger everywhere. Step into the first store and ask the attendant for something you know he does not keep, and the politeness with which he will answer you, will make you blush for the want of breeding of your own countrymen. Ask him where you can get it, and if he knows he will tell you, may, even direct you and point you out the way, instead of being gruff as a churl, or so curt as to make you ashamed of your own want of knowledge of the world in daring to address irrelevant questions to his social high-mightiness.

In the old school-books, which years ago were copies from English models, the Frenchman was always represented as living on a diet of frogs, and following the profession of dancing-teacher for his support. He was disparagingly contrasted with the bluff Englishman, whose rudeness was supposed to be a proof of the honesty of his heart, while the smirk and bow of the Frenchman were only masks for his treachery and deceit. National characteristics can not be thus drawn in the rough, but if the thousands of our countrymen who will be charmed during their summer experience at the Great Exposition with the uniform courtesy which prevails in every rank of society in Paris, will only remember and diffuse the lesson on their return, this alone would justify the money and the time they will spend in learning it.

Amusements in the City.

The leading features in city amusement, for the week ending Wednesday, April 17th, have been as follows. At the Academy of Music Petrella's new opera buffo, the "Carnival of Venice," has continued brilliantly popular and proved itself one of the very best successes in that line of composition, since the "Barber of Seville," to which, indeed, it bears no slight resemblance. It is a little deficient in melody, but full of harmony, and its situations have an appropriateness of musical drollery commanding it to the very highest appreciation. In the leading roles of this opera, Miss Kellogg, Mlle. Ronconi, Mad. Natali-Testa, Sige, Bagagli, Bellini, Ronconi, etc., have added materially to previous reputation, and pleased beyond any ordinary measure; and the production altogether may be set down as one of the worthiest successes of the era. On Wednesday evening the 10th, "Lucrezia" was again given, by Mad. Carman-Poch; on Friday evening the magnificent "Africaine" was reproduced, with a repetition on Monday; and on Tuesday the droll "Crispino" made one more assault upon the risibles of opera-goers. At Wallack's the benefit season has closed, and there has been an alternation of Bourcier's "Hunted Down" (with the "Laughing Hyena") and various popular comedies and comediettas. At the New York Theatre "Griffith Gaunt" has been tried again, but scarcely proved the success expected, and it ended with Thursday, the 11th, to make room for the benefits of Mrs. Wilkins and Manager Mark Smith, which closed the week. At Niblo's the "Black Crook," which has now reached three-quarters of a year—two hundred and twenty-five nights, with no prospect of withdrawal. At the Broadway, Miss Maggie Mitchell has continued her profitable engagement, her second character being that of Amri, in "Little Barefoot," and her popularity apparently assured as often. At the Olympic the Richings opera-troupe have successfully produced the operatic spectacle, the "Enchantress," with which they pleased New Yorkers so well two or three years ago; and it has formed the feature of the week. At Wood's Theatre Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates have closed their season, the lady's last essay being a reasonably fair success in the somewhat hackneyed rôle of Camille. Barnum's the humania caused by the disappearance of Van Amburgh's Menagerie has been satisfactorily filled with the popular "Streets of New York," Mr. Levick a very acceptable Badger, and the whole company appearing to excellent advantage in the cast, while the Museum has been drawing well at both day and evening performances.

El Nino Eddie, Mr. James E. Cooke and Mad. Carjotta de Berg, have remained the leading attractions at the New York Circus, the season of which must very soon close for country perambulations. "La Dame Aux Camélias" ("Camille") has been the attraction at the Théâtre Français, Madame Larvaet playing Marguerite Gauthier to excellent appreciation. A somewhat notable amateur performance was given at the Théâtre Français on Wednesday evening the 10th,

by the Pet Philo-Dramatics, for the benefit of the Southern Relief Association, the pieces being "Everybody's Friend" and the "Loan of a Lover," and the leading roles in the hands of the Misses Diobie, Misses Robinson, Messrs. J. Q. Hill, Theo. Hall, J. A. Phillips, Howard, Walker, etc. The performance went off very creditably, and will be followed by another at the same house on Wednesday evening the 17th, for the same benevolence.

Mr. D. Kennedy has been singing Scottish ballads again, at Irving Hall, to excellent attendance and appreciation; and the lovers of Scottish song owe him renewed thanks in addition to the substantial tokens awarded him. Mr. L. F. Garrison gives his annual Easter hop at Irving Hall on Easter Monday, April 22d—the last ball of the season. Mr. J. N. Pattison gave his first matinée for the season, at Irving Hall, on Saturday, April 13th, assisted by Miss Brauer, Miss Lovey, Mr. Hennig, Mr. Grosscurth, etc. Mrs. L. C. Winer has commenced an engagement at Toronto, C. W., and will appear as Mary Stuart, in a play of the same name, translated by herself. Doubtless the public before which she appears will warmly appreciate her merit.

ART GOSSIP.

AMONG the aids that have been volunteered by private individuals toward the objects of the Southern Relief Association, not the least noticeable one was that tendered by Mr. August Belmont, who opened his famous picture-gallery to the public last week. From Tuesday until Saturday, inclusive, the privilege of inspecting this unique collection was accorded to all persons at an admission fee of one dollar each, the proceeds to be appropriated to the augmentation of the Relief fund. It is now several years since Mr. Belmont's gallery has been open for public inspection, and, in the interim, many changes have been made in the arrangements of it. It contains fewer American pictures now than it did when we used to pay occasional visits to it some five or six years ago. The French and Belgian schools of art are now predominant in the Belmont collection, and of these the taste and wealth of the proprietor have enabled him to collect many first-rate examples. Of English painters but few specimens appear on these walls. Ainsell figures here, indeed, in a large picture of Scottish scenery, with mountain sheep and shepherd huddled together at an old stone bridge. A fine picture by Bouguereau grace the ante-room to the gallery—subject, an Italian woman fondling a baby. We saw this at Kneller's, last fall, and noticed it, it we remember rightly, in these columns. Two Meissoniers in this collection—the "Chess-Players" and the "Cavalier Waiting"—are, perhaps, among the best examples of this master of miniature oil-painting ever seen in this country.

Rosa Bonheur makes a good appearance here in that capital picture of hers that may be entitled, "A Hunting Mooring." The landscape is breezy and suggestive, and the hounds are grouped and painted with a fidelity that is beyond praise. Another picture of Rosa's is one of cattle approaching a ford; but although there is a pleasant morning freshness about this composition, it yet lacks the force of the hunting scene.

A wonderful "Faust" picture, by Ley, is the best example of that eccentric but clever artist yet brought to this country.

There are several pictures by Merle in the gallery, and two capital ones by Knauss. The walls are completely covered with pictures, large and small, and among them all there is hardly one which would not be considered a gem in any collection of works of art, European or American.

"Southern Refugees" is the subject of a composition upon which Mr. Carl Hecker, a German artist, who has recently established himself in this city, is now engaged. It represents a group of men and women pushing off in a boat from the shore, and promises to be a striking composition. Mr. Hecker has heretofore chiefly occupied himself in painting portraits.

A good example of the Düsseldorf school of painting is now to be seen at Schaus's. The composition includes a group of men, women and children busily engaged in gathering the apples that are shaking down from a great spreading tree. The warm, autumnal atmosphere is very well represented in this picture, which was painted by Kels, of Düsseldorf.

A collection of pictures by American artists of note was on view during the last week at the Somerville Art Gallery, on Fifth avenue. It comprised some excellent examples of such well-known painters as James Hart, McEntee, La Farge, Nehrle, Perkins, and Homer, and the entire lot was disposed of at auction on the evenings of April 11th and 12th.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

Miss Georgina Paige, the principal of the Musical Department of Cottage Hill Seminary in Poughkeepsie, is lately deceased. She had attained only to her thirty-first year, and was universally beloved by all who enjoyed the pleasure of her acquaintance. To those who more thoroughly knew her she was inexpressibly dear. As a cultivated soprano she belonged to the first-class, and her death will almost be irreparably felt by her pupils, who will scarcely replace her knowledge, gentleness and patience.

Ex-Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, has presented before the Legislature of that State a most scholarly and enlightened argument against the enforcement of the Excise Law. It is, however, difficult to convince those who are intertemporally temperate that virtue upon compulsion is not virtue. The old Latin proverb teaches that though we drive out nature with a fork, yet she will still return.

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The Assembly at Albany have passed a bill placing the regulation of the tenement-houses of New York and Brooklyn under the charge of the Board of Health. All the democratic members but three voted against it, on the confessed ground that at election time it was better to be friends with the landlords than with the tenants. It is a pity that the tenants could not be made to see that the remedy of the whole matter lies in the own hands if they will only use it, instead of trusting to the advice of any creed.

The new Court House in the Park has cost already \$2,700,000, and now the appropriation of another \$1,000,000 is asked for to complete it. As the original estimated cost was \$250,000, it would appear as though some admirably capable financial talents were connected with the job. It seems a pity that when the shrine of Justice costs so much, the dame herself should be such a slovenly haridan as we find her.

It would appear from a case recently decided in our Marine Court, that to slander a person in Dutch or "Hollandish language," is not a cause of action.

The Great Eastern brought over as passenger Mr. James Kennedy, who comes to secure a patent for a plan he has invented of suspending ocean telegraphic cables. His patent in England is already secured, and he is certain that the saving of his arrangement would be such, that the tariff between this country and Europe might be reduced to twenty-five cents a word, and still pay a large profit. The merits of his arrangement are

the case with which it can be laid and taken up for repair when necessary, while the cost of manufacture is less than one-quarter. A line from New York to Falmouth, by way of the Azores, is already in contemplation.

The Free Trade League of this city publish a handbill by Horace Greeley & Co., who design going into business, appealing to their patrons to pay them high prices for their goods for the present, until they could gather enough capital and experience to compete with other dealers. It is the doctrine of protection in a nutshell. The League distribute their publications gratis.

The rioters in San Francisco, who attacked and beat the Chinese mercilessly, have been dealt with in the most summary way, being promptly arrested, tried and sentenced to considerable terms of imprisonment. It is to be hoped that the rioters here on St. Patrick's Day will be dealt with in a similar style.

Out in Minnesota, the principal productions of which are wheat and wood, flour is \$12 a barrel, and wood is \$10 a cord, while three families have, during this winter, starved to death. There is something wrong which makes these facts possible, and not the least of the causes which produces them is our system of protection.

Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, has resolved to dispose of his book publishing interests and devote himself entirely to the *Ledger* newspaper, of which he is also the proprietor. His well-known capacity and enterprise, if turned entirely into this direction, will certainly add so greatly to the already wide-spread circulation of that sheet, as to make the *Ledger* the most valuable piece of newspaper property in this country.

Foreign.

Victor Hugo's novel, "The Toilers of the Sea," was purchased from the publishers in Paris by the proprietors of the newspaper *Le Soleil*, to be printed in their issue in numbers. One of the agreements of the purchase was that the publishers should not sell the work below its original price, 18 francs, until *Le Soleil* had completed its publication. As it appears that before this was done, another Parisian paper advertised the complete work to be given as a prize to their subscribers for 22 francs, *Le Soleil* naturally supposed that the publishers had broken their engagement, and brought a suit against them. The publishers in their defense contended that the price at which the other journal chose to offer their paper was not a matter for their consideration, but the court took a different view, and held that as the facts rendered it more probable that they had sold the work cheaper than they had agreed to, that the terms of contract were violated, and decided that they must return the whole of the money paid them by *Le Soleil*, and also the entire costs of the suit. The equity of such a decision is unquestionable, and it is a pity that it could not be extended in its operation.

Fault is found with the management of the library at Oxford. In the first place the librarian is not sufficiently paid or sufficiently considered, and then the library is used by the ladies of the place to supply them at home with novel-reading, and their children with books of amusement, while the students of the University are not allowed to take volumes home with them. The same objections apply to the use and regulations of almost all our university libraries. In fact the comprehension of what a library should be is yet a matter for future realization in this country.

The *Globe*, a London Tory journal, says in an article headed "Literary Radicals," that "John Bright is illiterate," and that "Mr. Mill and Mr. Goldwin Smith are rubbing their skirts with tailors and glass-blowers instead of measuring themselves with their betters." As the writer of course classes himself with their betters, he is at least deserving of credit at having shown at the same time the utility of attempting to follow his advice.

Two exhibitions of forty pounds each have been endowed in Oxford, by a gentleman who keeps his name concealed, for the purpose of encouraging good reading among the candidates for holy orders.

Holland being afraid of Prussia, is arming. Her ministers of war and marine ask for larger appropriations to enable them to increase their expenditures. At the same time the bigots, taking advantage of the crisis, are seeking to upset the system of secular education which was inaugurated in 1837.

The London *Times* appeals to the History of the War in America to show the conformity of its views upon reform. The force of (London *Times*) nature can no further go.

The ministerial debate in the House of Parliament, upon the motion to abolish flogging in the British army, afforded a fine specimen of what conservatism in England means. The argument ran in this way: Flogging can't be done away with, because it is right; and it is right because it can't be done away with.

In Belgium the telegraph system is under the control of the Government, and the recent reduction in the rates has shown that the cheaper rate is more profitable from the increase it causes in the amount of business done.

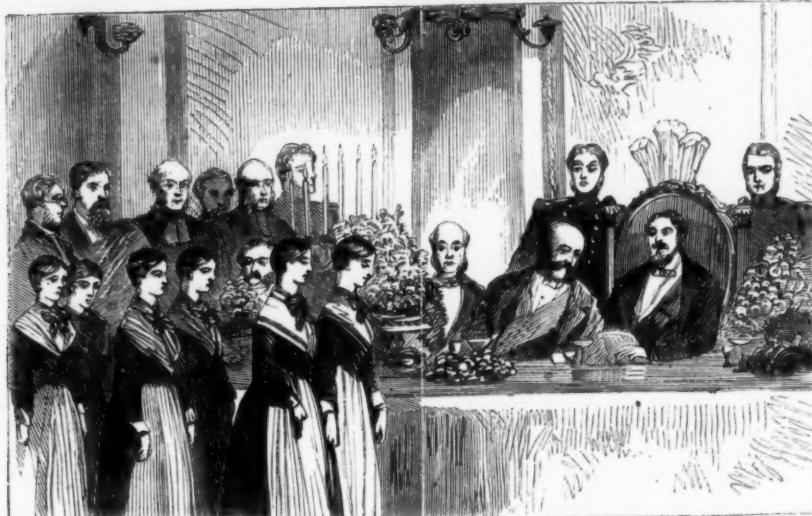
Kossuth has written a letter, refusing to accept the amnesty offered by the Emperor of Austria, and announcing his intention to die in a foreign land. His letter ends thus: "What further use could I be? The years of bitter exile have broken my strength."

The parliamentary committee for investigating the agricultural gang system in England, have reported that the boys and girls are frightfully ignorant and immoral. Few could tell the name of the county they were in, or that of the Queen, while boys of fourteen to twenty had never heard of God, or their Saviour.

Inauguration of the Statue of Chief-Justice Marshall, in Richmond, Virginia.

THIS statue was elevated to its position upon the afternoon of the 4th of April, and though the afternoon was rainy the crowd that gathered to witness it showed the interest the occasion excited. This statue

The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESIDING AT THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF WELSH CHARITY SCHOOLS, LONDON.

The Prince of Wales Presiding at the Annual Festival of the Welsh Charity Schools, London.

This illustration shows the celebration of the 153d

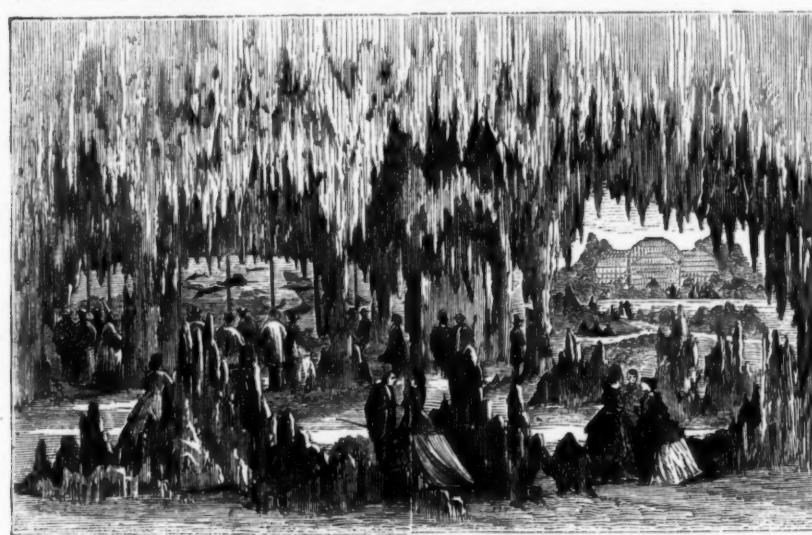
Wales gave over \$2,000. During the evening the children of the institution passed in procession round the hall, and sang an ode adapted to an ancient Welsh melody.



DISEMBARKING AT ANTWERP OF THE BELGIAN LEGION RETURNING FROM MEXICO.

Religious Service at Amiens, France, in Honor of Mgr. Daveley.

Recently at Amiens, a Mass in memory of Monsignore

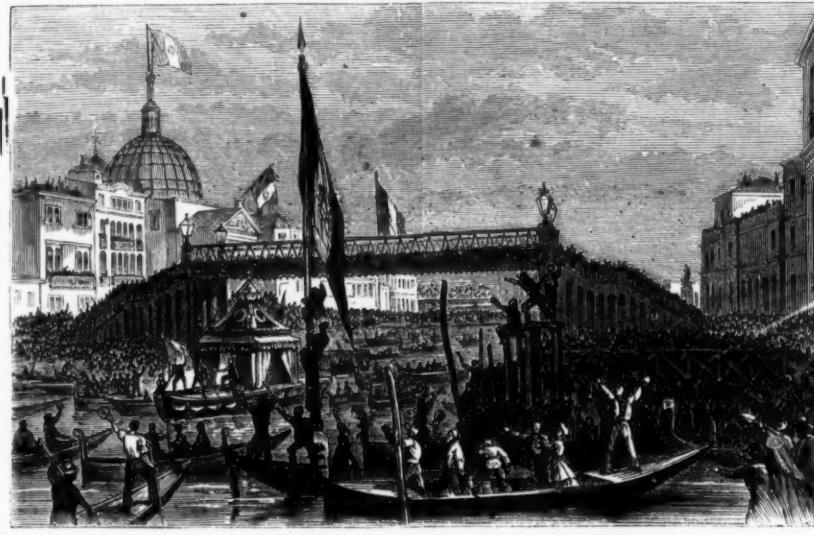


THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT THE EXPOSITION, PARIS.

anniversary of the Welsh Society of Ancient Britons, which was founded in 1714, and maintains a charity school at Ashforth, in Middlesex. During the existence

The Grand Aquarium at the Paris Exposition.

This illustration shows the large aquarium made to



ARRIVAL OF GARIBALDI AT VENICE, FEBRUARY 27, 1867.

series, so that the fish in the aquarium can be seen from above, below, or at the sides. There is a reservoir and a waterfall to aerate the water, which will be

celebrated in the cathedral with great pomp. Monsignore Daveley was born in Amiens in 1818, and took orders in 1841. Soon after this date he went to Corea



RELIGIOUS SOLEMNITIES IN HONOR OF MONSIEUR DAVELEY - BENEDICTION OF SIXTEEN PRELATES IN THE PORCH OF THE CATHEDRAL AT AMIENS, FRANCE.

of the school about 3,000 Welsh children have been educated and given a start of life by the school, and it now supports about 150 children. The subscription for the year amounted to \$15,750, of which the Prince of

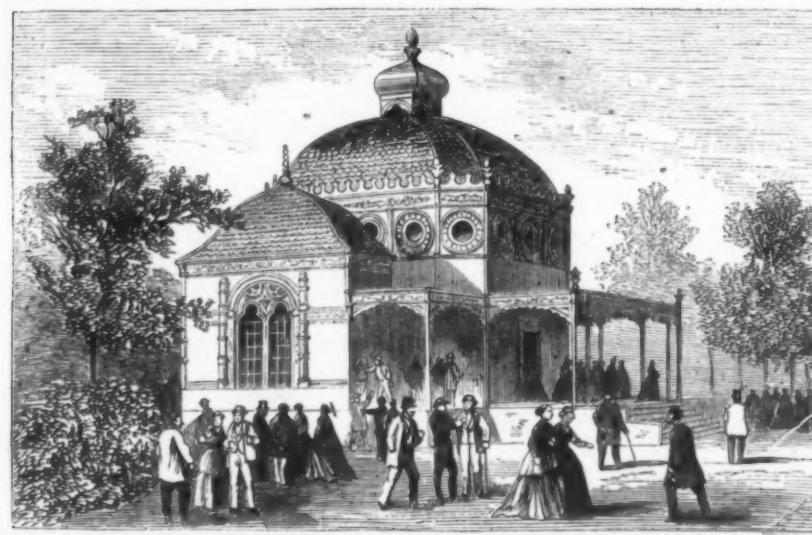
show the salt-water fish at the Exposition. A cave has been dug, the walls of which are sloping, while the ceiling and floor are covered with stalactites and stalagmites. Upon massive pillars a large tank is built with



THE FENIAN INSURRECTION - INQUEST ON MR. CLEARY IN THE COURT-HOUSE AT KILMALLOCK, IRELAND.

brought from the ocean by means of a special pump. Not far from this aquarium for the sea-water fish, there is another intended for showing those who live only in fresh water.

as a missile
ring a p...
ment
the
of that country, who did not look with favor upon
spread of Christian doctrines, or rather their inter



THE PORTUGUESE PAVILION IN THE GREAT EXPOSITION, PARIS.



THE SPANISH PAVILION AT THE GREAT EXPOSITION, PARIS.

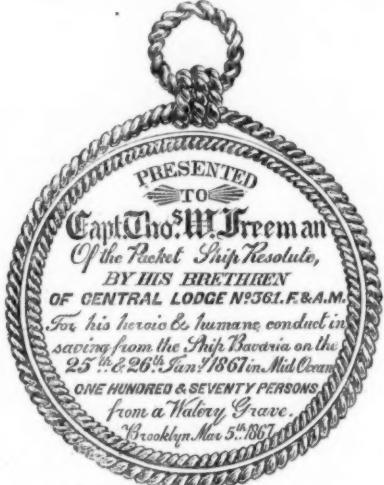
ference with the established authorities. Our illustration represents the benediction given by the eighteen prelates who took part in the celebration of the Mass, to the assembled crowd, from the entrance to the cathedral, which is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in France. One of the most interesting incidents of the celebration was the presence, in the nave of the cathedral, during the service, of the father and mother of the deceased, surrounded by fifty of their descendants, in the first, second and third generations.

The Portuguese Pavilion in the Great Exposition, Paris.

The Portuguese pavilion in the great Exposition is copied from the style of monuments dating from the sixteenth century, which are common in Portugal, and the finest types of which are probably the Palace of Cintra and the Convent of Batalha. Portugal is even less known than Spain, and its contributions in the Exposition will probably excite great attention, if they are commensurate with the value of this building to contain them. Now that architecture is exciting so much attention, the idea of making the Exposition display the varieties of styles peculiar to various countries acquires peculiar value and force.

The Spanish Pavilion in the Great Exposition, Paris.

This pavilion, to be used in the great Exposition for displaying the agricultural products of Spain and her colonies, is erected after the style of architecture prevailing during the sixteenth century. The building was erected from the designs and under the direction of Don Gerónimo de la Gaudara, a member of the Academy of San Fernando, and professor of architecture in the Academy of Madrid. Annexed to this pavilion there will be a small building for the sale of a drink called *chufa*, which is very popular in Spain, and may become so from this introduction in France. It is a milky drink, which is said to resemble the flavor of almonds, being perhaps somewhat finer.



REVERSE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO CAPT. THOMAS W. FREEMAN.

The Belgian Legion Returning from Mexico, Disembarking at Antwerp, Belgium.

The French vessel, the Rhone, was sent by the French Government to convey the Belgian Legion from Mexico to their native country, and on the 9th of March arrived at Antwerp, with the troops on board, and influenced by the natural desire of the men themselves, and their friends on shore, the embarkment took place that same evening. The commander of the frigate was presented with the badge of the Order of Leopold, by order of the King of Belgium, and the next day a grand banquet was given to the officers by the city officials, and then the Rhone steamed back to France.



CAPT. THOMAS W. FREEMAN, OF THE SHIP RESOLUTE.

Arrival of Garibaldi at Venice, on February 27, 1867.

This illustration shows the popular ovation accorded to the hero of Italy on his recent visit to Venice. The most disinterested patriotism of Garibaldi's political course has so taken hold of the Italian people that they are never weary in honoring him. In these days, when the key-note of political patriotism is the selfish desire for personal gain, it is refreshing to record the un-sought tribute of respectful enthusiasm excited by the presence of a man like Garibaldi, whose motives cannot be impugned, however much his course may be disliked by his enemies. His errors are never anything but errors of judgment; his principles are always pure, and his aims for what his best judgment tells him is for the benefit of his country.

The Fenian Insurrection--The Inquest upon Mr. Cleary in the Court-House at Kilmallock.

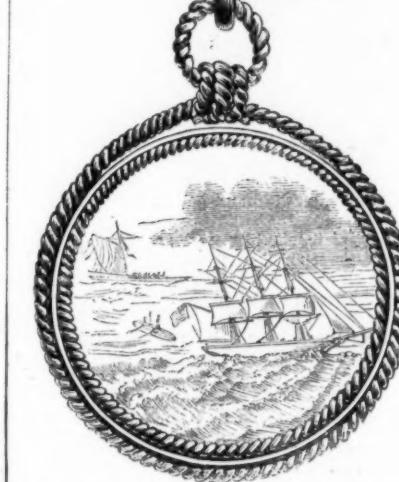
This illustration represents the scene of the inquest upon the body of one of the victims of the late Fenian rising. Mr. Michael Cleary was a medical student in Kilmallock, and had attended professionally some of the other victims wounded during the disturbance.

He was himself killed by a stray shot during the conflict round the police station, in the town, as he was returning from a professional visit.

CAPTAIN THOMAS W. FREEMAN.

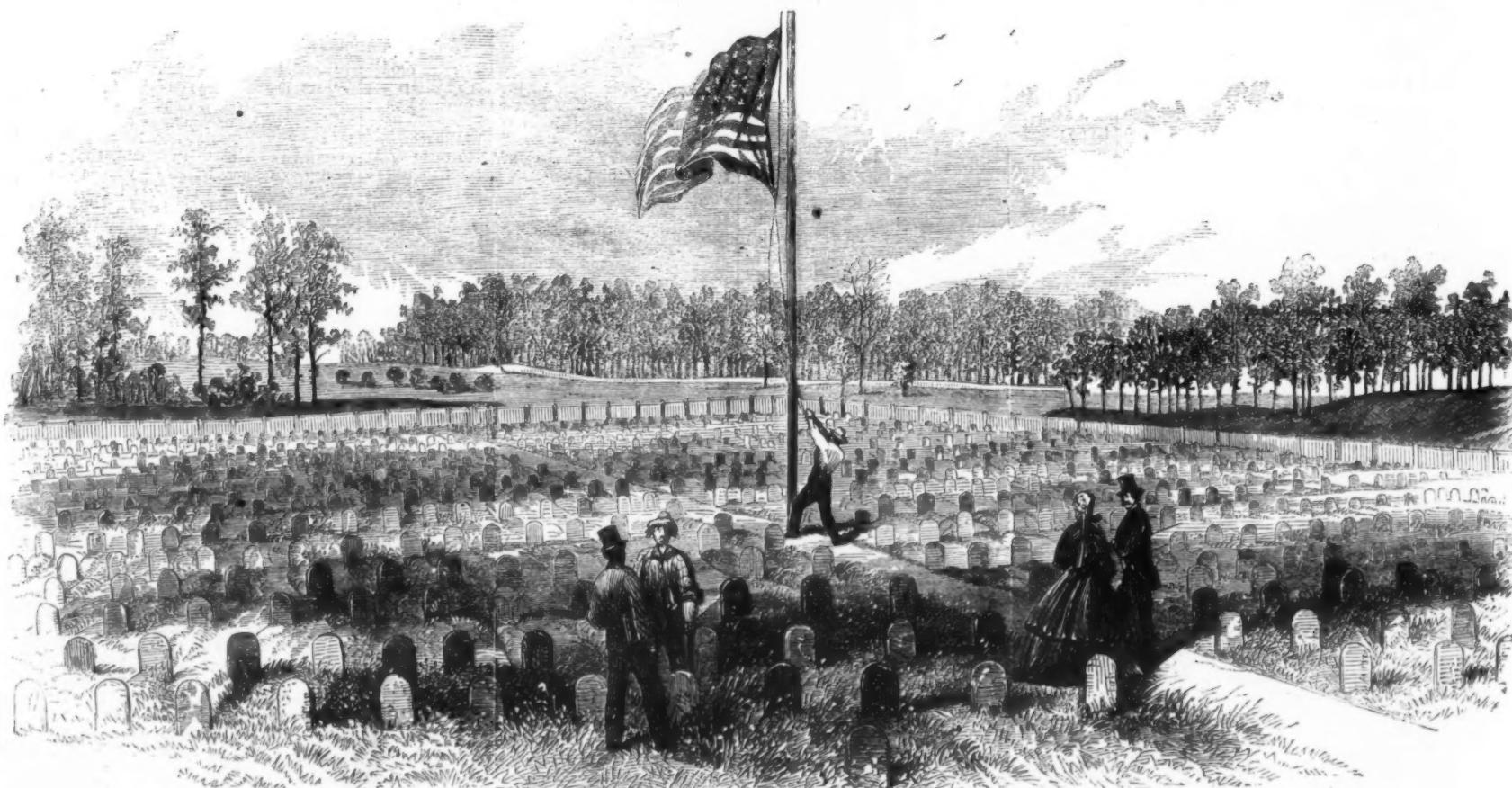
The following account, taken from the log-book of the ship Resolute, on one of her voyages to this port, gives an account with nautical brevity and modesty of the saving of almost two hundred persons by Captain Freeman. "Friday, January 25, lat. 39 deg. 30 min., long. 68 deg. 10 min., at 1 P. M., made a vessel on our starboard bow, dismasted and a signal of distress flying; passed to leeward of her, tacked ship and spoke her; she proved to be the ship Bavaria, of and for New York from Havre, with emigrants. The captain hailed us and asked if we would take his passengers, as he was very short of provisions. Replied that we would do so. Shortened sail, and hove to, it blowing a moderate gale from N.W., with a high sea running. Finding he did not attempt to lower his own boat, we got two out, and the first and second officers went in them with a picked crew and made four trips, bringing sixty-four passengers on board; at 4.30 P. M. the first officer's boat was swamped, but fortunately all the passengers had been

taken out of her. Had much difficulty in saving her crew and getting her alongside again. At 5 P. M. the second mate's boat arrived alongside in an almost sinking condition, with twenty-three women and children, having been boarded by a heavy sea, which nearly filled her. As it was now getting dark, hove-to boats in and lay by till daylight. A 4 A. M. of the 26th, wind moderate, but large sea on, ran close to the wreck, cut boats, and by 8.30 A. M. had 170 souls transferred to our ship; also two boat-loads of bedding and clothing; 10 A. M. got boats in and proceeded on our course. The Bavaria



MEDAL PRESENTED TO CAPT. THOMAS W. FREEMAN, BY THE CENTRAL LODGE NO. 361 F.A.M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

was dismasted on the 21st of January, in an easterly gale, having sprung her rudder-head, causing her to broach to; fore and main masts gone by the deck, bowsprit at knightheads, and mizzen-topmast at the cap. The captain was rigging a jury foremast, and hoped to get her into some port. We got one-half a bag of bread from the Bavaria, and as we were only provisioned for our crew, we were obliged to put all hands on short allowance—one biscuit a day for eight days—when we fell in with the steamer Caledonia, who very kindly



UNION CEMETERY RECENTLY COMPLETED AT COLD HARBOR, VA.—SEE PAGE 86.

supplied us with an abundance of bread, and offered to take the passengers if necessary. We also got some provisions from the ship John Bright. The passengers have borne their privations with great patience." For this action the medal, which we also engrave, was presented to Captain Freeman by a Masonic Lodge of Brooklyn.

CEMETERY AT COLD HARBOR, VIRGINIA.

This cemetery for the Union soldiers killed in the late war has been quite recently completed. It is situated upon an eminence, and is simply laid out; a single walk, five feet in width, runs through the middle. This cemetery contains the bodies of 1,630 Union soldiers; of these 864 are laid in single graves, marked with separate head-boards, about two feet high, and placed in parallel rows. The rest of those interred here are buried in two trenches, and comprise those who could not be identified. Many of the remains here buried are of those who fell at the battle of Gaines's Mill, and the other fields lying within a radius of ten miles around Cold Harbor. The superintendent of the cemetery is W. W. Wirt, Esq., and every day the American flag is raised from the pole in its centre, in order to mark distinctly the spot, and in token of the respectful reverence with which the country regards the last remains of the brave heroes who are here buried, and whose memory a grateful nation will not willingly let die.

"NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE."

BY R. C. SPENCER.

Tranx heart, sit down and rest!
He will not come; hast thou not waited well,
With loving eyes that look along the West
Till all the warm tears swell?

Call not! he will not hear,
Though sweet thy voice as spirit-songs of Death!
Thy face is ashen white with weeping, dear,
And tired thy gentle breath.

One wave of that far sea
Rolled out at eve, at morn again rolled in—
Heavy with all that life had held for thee,
Dearer than all thy kin!

One morn the brittle sand
Grew soft with tears as it had grown with wave,
And strangers who had watched his body land,
Laid him within his grave!

"Too late, alas!" you cry:
Ah, weep not love; your eyes have wept so long!
Sit down and rest!—he sings within the sky
A sweet unceasing song!

Dream not of him as lost;
Round Eden's garden flows no troubled sea;
Patient, adrift, thy bread of tears was cast—
The Harvest is to be!

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XV.—UP IN LONDON.

SOME kind and attentive reader may, perhaps, remember that Miss Grace Crawley, in a letter written by her to her friend Miss Lily Dale, said a word or two of a certain John. "If it can only be as John wishes it!" And the same reader, if there be one so kind and attentive, may also remember that Miss Lily Dale had declared, in reply, that "about that other subject she would rather say nothing"—and then she had added, "When one thinks of going beyond friendship—even if one tries to do so—there are so many barriers!" From which words the kind and indulgent reader, if such reader be in such matters intelligent as well as kind and attentive, may have learned a great deal with reference to Miss Lily Dale.

We will now pay a visit to the John in question—a certain Mr. John Eames, living in London, a bachelor, as the intelligent reader will certainly have discovered, and cousin to Miss Grace Crawley. Mr. John Eames, at the time of our story, was a young man, some seven or eight and twenty years of age, living in London, where he was supposed by his friends in the country to have made his mark, and to be something a little out of the common way. But I do not know that he was much out of the common way, except in the fact that he had had some few thousand pounds left him by an old nobleman who had been in no way related to him, but who had regarded him with great affection, and who had died some two years since. Before this John Eames had not been a very poor man, as he filled the comfortable official position of private secretary to the Chief Commissioner of the Income-Tax Board, and drew a salary of three hundred and fifty pounds a year from the resources of his country; but when, in addition to this source of official wealth, he became known as the undoubted possessor of a hundred and twenty-eight shares in one of the most prosperous joint-stock banks in the metropolis, which property had been left to him free of legacy duty by the lamented nobleman above named, then Mr. John Eames rose very high indeed as a young man in the estimation of those who knew him, and was supposed to be something a good deal out of the common way. His mother, who lived in the country, was obedient to his slightest word, never venturing to impose upon him any sign of parental authority; and to his sister, Mary Eames, who lived with her mother, he was almost a god upon earth. To sisters who have nothing of their own—not even some special god for their own individual worship—generous, affectionate, unmarried brothers, with sufficient incomes, are gods upon earth.

And even up in London Mr. John Eames was somebody. He was so especially at his office; although, indeed, it was remembered by many a

man how raw a lad he had been when he first came there, not so many years ago; and how they had laughed at him and played him tricks; and how he had customarily been known to be without a shilling for the last week before pay-day, during which period he would borrow sixpence here and a shilling there with great energy, from men who now felt themselves to be honored when he smiled upon them. Little stories of his former days would often be told of him behind his back; but they were not told with ill-nature, because he was very constant in referring to the same matter himself.

And it was acknowledged by every one at the office that neither the friendship of the nobleman, nor the fact of the private secretaryship, nor the acquisition of his wealth, had made him proud to his old companions or forgetful of old friendships. To the young men, lads who had lately been appointed, he was perhaps a little cold; but then it was only reasonable to conceive that such a one as Mr. John Eames was now could be expected to make an intimate acquaintance with every new clerk that might be brought into the office. Since competitive examinations had come into vogue there was no knowing who might be introduced; and it was understood generally through the establishment—and I may almost say by the civil service at large, so wide was his fame—that Mr. Eames was very averse to the whole theory of competition. The "devil take the hindmost" scheme, he called it; and would then go on to explain that hindmost candidates were often the best gentlemen, and that, in this way the devil got the pick of the flock. And he was respected the more for this opinion, because it was known that on this subject he had fought some hard battles with the chief commissioner. The chief commissioner was a great believer in competition, wrote papers about it, which he read aloud to various bodies in the civil service—not at all to their delight—which he got to be printed here and there, and which he sent by post all over the kingdom. More than once this chief commissioner had told his private secretary that they must part company, unless the private secretary could see fit to alter his view, or could, at least, keep his views to himself. But the private secretary would do neither; and, nevertheless, there he was, still private secretary. "It's because Johnny has got money," said one of the young clerks, who was discussing this singular state of things with his brethren at the office. "When a chap has got money he may do what he likes. Johnny has got lots of money, you know." The young clerk in question was by no means on intimate terms with Mr. Eames, but there had grown up in the office a way of calling him Johnny, behind his back, which had probably come down from the early days of his scrapes and his poverty.

Now the entire life of Mr. John Eames was pervaded by a great secret; and although he never in those days alluded to the subject in conversation with any man belonging to the office, yet the secret was known to them all. It had been historical for the last four or five years, and was now regarded as a thing of course. Mr. John Eames was in love, and his love was not happy. He was in love, and had long been in love, and the lady of his love was not kind to him. The little history had grown to be very touching and pathetic, having received, no doubt, some embellishments from the imaginations of the gentlemen of the Income-Tax Office. It was said of him that he had been in love from his early boyhood; that at sixteen he had been engaged, under the sanction of the nobleman now deceased and of the young lady's parents; that contracts of betrothal had been drawn up, and things done very unusual in private families in these days; and that there had come a stranger into the neighborhood, just as the lady was beginning to reflect whether she had a heart of her own or not, and that she had thrown her parents, the noble lord, and the contract, and poor, Johnny Eames to the winds, and had—Here the story took different directions, as told by different men. Some said the lady had gone off with the stranger, and that there had been a clandestine marriage, which afterward turned out to be no marriage at all; others, that the stranger suddenly took himself off, and was no more seen by the young lady; others, that he owned at last to having another wife, and so on. The stranger was very well known to be one Mr. Crosbie, belonging to another public office; and there were circumstances in his life, only half known, which gave rise to these various rumors. But there was one thing certain, one point as to which no clerk in the Income-Tax Office had a doubt, one fact which had conducted much to the high position which Mr. John Eames now held in the estimation of his brother-clerks—he had given this Mr. Crosbie such a thrashing that no man had ever received such treatment before and had lived through it. Wonderful stories were told about that thrashing, so that it was believed, even by the least enthusiastic in such matters, that the poor victim had only dragged on a crippled existence since the encounter. "For nine weeks he never said a word or ate a mouthful," said one young clerk to a younger clerk who was just entering the office; "and even now he can't speak above a whisper, and has to take all his food in pap." It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. John Eames had about him much of the heroic.

That he was still in love, and in love with the same lady, was known to every one in the office. When it was declared of him that in the way of amatory expressions he had never in his life opened his mouth to another woman, there were those in the office who knew this was an exaggeration. Mr. Cradell, for instance, who in his early years had been very intimate with John Eames, and who still kept up the old friendship—although being a domestic man, with a wife and six young children, and living on a small income, he did not go out among his friends—could have told a very different story; for Mrs. Cradell herself had, in days before Cradell had made good his claim upon her, been not unadmired by Cradell's fellow-clerk. But the constancy of Mr. Eames's present love

was doubted by none who knew him. It was not that he went about with his stockings unbuttoned, or any of the old acknowledged signs of unrequited affection. In this manner he was rather joyful than otherwise, and seemed to live a happy and somewhat luxurious life, well contented with himself and the world around him. But still he had this passion within his bosom, and I am inclined to think he was a little proud of his own constancy.

It might be presumed that when Miss Dale wrote to her friend Grace Crawley about going beyond friendship, pleading that there were so many "barriers," she had probably seen her way over most of them. But this was not so; nor did John Eames himself at all believe that the barriers were in a way to be overcome. I will not say that he had given the whole thing up as a bad job, because it was the law of his life that the thing should never be abandoned as long as hope was possible. Unless Miss Dale should become the wife of somebody else, he would always regard himself as affianced to her. He had so declared to Miss Dale herself, and to Miss Dale's mother, and to all the Dale people who had ever been interested in the matter. And there was an old lady living in Miss Dale's neighborhood, the sister of the lord who had left Johnny Eames the bank shares, who had always fought his battles for him, and kept a close look-out, fully resolved that John Eames should be rewarded at last. This old lady was connected with the Dales by family ties, and therefore had means of close observation. She was in constant correspondence with John Eames, and never failed to acquaint him when any of the barriers were, in her judgment, giving way. The nature of some of the barriers may possibly be made intelligible to my readers by the following letter from Lady Julia De Guest to her young friend:

"GUESTWICH COTTAGE,"—
December, 186—.

"MY DEAR JOHN—I am much obliged to you for going to Jones's. I send stamps for two shillings and fourpence, which is what I owe you. It used only to be two shillings and twopence, but they say everything has got to be dearer now, and I suppose pills as well as other things. Only think of Pritchard coming to me and saying she wanted her wages raised, after living with me for twenty years! I was very angry, and scolded her roundly; but as she acknowledged she had been wrong, and cried and begged my pardon, I did give her two guineas a year more.

"I saw dear Lily just for a moment on Sunday, and upon my word I think she grows prettier every year. She had a young friend with her—a Miss Crawley—who, I believe, is the cousin I have heard you speak of. What is this sad story about her father, the clergyman? Mind you tell me all about it.

"It is quite true what I told you about the De Courcys. Old Lady De Courcy is in London, and Mr. Crosbie is going to law with her about his wife's money. He has been at it one way or the other ever since poor Lady Alexandrina died. I wish she had lived with all my heart. For though I feel sure that our Lily will never willingly see him again, yet the tidings of her death disturbed her, and set her thinking of things that were fading from her mind. I rated her soundly, not mentioning your name, however; but she only kissed me, and told me in her quiet droling way that I didn't mean a word of what I said.

"You can come here whenever you please after the 10th of January. But if you come early in January you must go to your mother first, and come to me for the last week of your holiday. Go to Blackie's, in Regent street, and bring me down all the colors in wool that I ordered. I said you would call. And tell them at Dolland's the last spectacles don't suit at all, and I won't keep them. They had better send me down by you one or two more pairs to try. And you had better see Smithers & Smith, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, No. 57—but you have been there before—and beg them to let me know how my poor dear brother's matters are to be settled at last. As far as I can see I shall be dead before I shall know what income I have got to spend. As to my cousins at the manor, I never see them; and as to talking to them about business, I shall not dream of it. She hasn't come to me since she first called, and she may be quite sure I shan't go to her till she does. Indeed, I think we shall like each other apart quite as much as we should together. So let me know when you are coming, and pray don't forget to call at Blackie's; nor yet at Dolland's, which is much more important than the wool, because of my eyes getting so weak. But what I want you specially to remember is about Smithers & Smith. How is a woman to live if she doesn't know how much she has got to spend?

"Believe me to be, my dear John,
"Your most sincere friend,
"JULIA DE GUEST."

Lady Julia always directed her letters for her young friend to his office, and there he received the one now given to the reader. When he had read it he made a memorandum as to the commissions, and then threw himself back in his arm-chair to think over the tidings communicated to him. All the facts stated he had known before: that Lady De Courcy was in London, and that her son-in-law, Mr. Crosbie, whose wife—Lady Alexandrina—had died some twelve months since at Baden-Baden, was at variance with her respecting money which he supposed to be due to him. But there was that in Lady Julia's letter which was wormwood to him. Lily Dale was again thinking of this man, whom she had loved in old days, and who had treated her with monstrous perfidy! It was all very well for Lady Julia to be sure that Lily Dale would never desire to see Mr. Crosbie again; but John Eames was by no means equally certain that it would be so. "The tidings of her death disturbed her!" said Johnny, repeating to himself certain words out of the old lady's letter. I know they disturbed me. I wish she could have lived forever. If he ever ventures to show

himself within ten miles of Allington, I'll see if I cannot do better than I did the last time I met him.

Then there came a knock at the door, and the private secretary, finding himself to be somewhat annoyed by the disturbance at such a moment, bade the intruder enter in an angry voice.

"Oh, it's you, Cradell, is it? What can I do for you?"

Mr. Cradell, who now entered, and who, as before said, was an old ally of John Eames, was a clerk of longer standing in the department than his friend. In age he looked much older, and he had left with him none of that appearance of the gloss of youth which stick for many years to men who are fortunate in their worldly affairs. Indeed it may be said that Mr. Cradell was almost shabby in his outward appearance, and his brow seemed to be laden with care, and his eyes were dull and heavy.

"I thought I'd just come in and ask you how you are?" said Cradell.

"I'm pretty well, thank you. And how are you?"

"Oh, I'm pretty well—in health, that is. You see one has so many things to think of when one has a large family. Upon my word, Johnny, I think you've been lucky to keep out of it."

"I have kept out of it, at any rate, haven't I?"

"Of course, living with you as much as I used to do, I know the whole story of what has kept you single."

"Don't mind about that, Cradell; what is it you want?"

"I mustn't let you suppose, Johnny, that I'm grumbling about my lot. Nobody knows better than you what a tramp I got in my wife."

"Of course you did—an excellent woman."

"And if I cut you out a little there, I'm sure you never felt malice against me for that?"

"Never for a moment, old fellow."

"We all have our luck, you know."

"Your luck has been a wife and family; my luck has been to be a bachelor."

"You may say a family," said Cradell. "I'm sure that Amelia does the best she can; but we are desperately pushed sometimes—desperately pushed. I never was so bad, Johnny, as I am now."

"So you said the last time."

"Did I? I don't remember it. I didn't think I was so bad then. But, Johnny, if you can let me have one more fiver now—I have made arrangements with Amelia how I'm to pay you off by thirty shillings a month, as I get my salary. In fact I have. Ask her else."

"I'll be shot if I do."

"Don't say that, Johnny."

"It's no good your Johnnying me, for I won't be Johnnied out of another shilling. It comes too often, and there's no reason why I should do it. And what's more, I can't afford it; I've people of my own to help."

"But, oh, Johnny, we all know how comfortable you are. And I'm sure no one rejoiced as I did when the money was left to you. If it had been myself I could hardly have thought more of it. Upon my solemn word and honor, if you'll let me have it this time, it shall be the last."

"Upon my word and honor, then, I won't. There must be an end to everything."

Although Mr. Cradell would, probably, if pressed, have admitted the truth of this last assertion, he did not seem to think that the end had as yet come to his friend's benevolence. It certainly had not come to his own impetuosity.

"Don't say that, Johnny, pray don't."

"But I do say it."

"When I told Amelia, yesterday evening, that I didn't like to go to you again, because, of course, a man has feelings, she told me to mention her name. 'I'm sure he'd do it for my sake,' she said."

"I don't believe she said anything of the kind."

"Upon my word she did. You ask her."

"And if she did she oughtn't to have said it."

"Oh, Johnny, don't speak in that way of her. She's my wife, and you know what your own feelings were once. But look here—we are in that state at home at this moment, that I must get money somewhere before I go home—I must, indeed. If you'll let me have three pounds this once, I'll never ask you again. I'll give you a written promise if you like; and I'll pledge myself to pay it back by thirty shillings at a time out of my two next months' salary, I will indeed."

And then Mr. Cradell began to cry. But when Johnny at last pulled out his check-book and wrote a check for three pounds, Mr. Cradell's eyes glistened with joy.

"Upon my word, I am so much obliged to you. You are the best fellow that ever lived. And Amelia will say the same when she hears of it."

"I don't believe she'll say anything of the kind, Cradell. If I remember anything of her, she has a stouter heart than that."

Cradell admitted that his wife had a stouter heart than himself, and then made his way back to his own part of the office.

This little interruption to the current of Mr. Eames's thoughts was, I think, for the good of the service; as, immediately on his friend's departure, he went to his work. Whereas, had not he been thus called away from his reflections about Miss Dale, he would have sat thinking about her affairs probably for the rest of the morning. As it was, he really did write a dozen notes in answer to as many private letters addressed to his chief, Sir Raffle Buffie, in all of which he made excellently-worded false excuses for the non-performance of various requests made to Sir Raffle by the writers.

"He's about the best hand at it that I know," said Sir Raffle, one day to the Secretary; "otherwise, you may be sure I shouldn't keep him there."

"I will allow that he is clever," said the Secretary. "It isn't cleverness so much as tact. It's what I call tact. I hadn't been long in the service before I mastered it myself; and now that

I've been at the trouble to teach him, I don't want to have the trouble to teach another. But, upon my word, he must mind his *p*'s and *q*'s—upon my word he must; and you had better tell him so."

"The fact is, Mr. Kissing," said the private-secretary, the next day, to the Secretary—Mr. Kissing was at that time Secretary to the Board of Commissioners for the receipt of Income-Tax—"The fact is, Mr. Kissing, Sir Raffle should never attempt to write a letter himself. He doesn't know how to do it: he always says twice too much, and yet not half enough. I wish you'd tell him so. He won't believe me."

From which it will be seen that Mr. Eames was proud of his special accomplishment, but did not feel any gratitude to the master who assumed to himself the story of having taught him. On the present occasion John Eames wrote all his letters before he thought again of Lily Dale, and was able to write them without interruption, as the Chairman was absent for the day at the Treasury, or perhaps at his club. Then, when he had finished, he rang his bell and ordered some sherry and soda-water, and stretched himself before the fire, as though his exertions in the public service had been very great, and seated himself comfortably in his arm-chair, and lit a cigar, and again took out Lady Julia's letter.

As regarded the cigar, it may be said that both Sir Raffle and Mr. Kissing had given orders that on no account should cigars be lit within the precincts of the income-tax office. Mr. Eames had taken upon himself to understand that such orders did not apply to a private secretary, and was well aware that Sir Raffle knew his habit. To Mr. Kissing, I regret to say, he put himself in opposition, whenever and wherever opposition was possible, so that men in the office said that one of the two must go at last. "But Johnny can do anything, you know, because he has got money." That was too frequently the opinion finally expressed among the men.

So John Eames sat down, and drank his soda-water, and smoked his cigar, and read his letter or rather, simply that paragraph of the letter which referred to Miss Dale. "The tidings o' her death have disturbed her, and set her thinking again of things that were fading from her mind." He understood it all. And yet how could it possibly be so? How could it be that she should not despise a man—despise him if she did not hate him—who had behaved as this man had behaved to her? It was now four years since this Crosbie had been engaged to Miss Dale, and had jilted her so heartlessly as to incur the disgust of every man in London who had heard the story. * He had married an earl's daughter, who had left him within a few months of their marriage, and now Mr. Crosbie's noble wife was dead. The wife was dead, and simply because the man was free again, he, John Eames, was to be told that Miss Dale's mind was "disturbed," and that her thoughts were going back to things which had faded from her memory, and which should have been long since banished altogether from such holy ground.

If Lily Dale were now to marry Mr. Crosbie, anything so perversely cruel as the fate of John Eames would never yet have been told in romance. That was his own idea on the matter as he sat smoking his cigar. I have said that he was proud of his constancy, and yet, in some sort, he was also ashamed of it. He acknowledged the fact of his love, and believed himself to have out-Jacoted Jacob; but he felt that it was hard for a man who had risen in the world as he had done to be made a plaything of by a foolish passion. It was now four years ago—that affair of Crosbie—and Miss Dale should have accepted him long since. Half a dozen times he had made up his mind to be very stern to her, and that he had written somewhat sternly; but the first moment that he saw her he was conquered again.

"And now that brute will re-appear, and everything will be wrong again," he said to himself.

If the brute did re-appear, something should happen of which the world should hear the tidings. So he lit another cigar, and began to think what that something should be.

As he did so he heard a loud noise, as of harsh, rattling winds in the next room, and he knew that Sir Raffle had come back from the Treasury. There was a creaking of boots, and a knocking of chairs, and a ringing of bells, and then a loud angry voice—a voice that was very harsh, and on this occasion very angry. Why had not his twelve o'clock letters been sent up to him to the West End? Why not? Mr. Eames knew all about it. Why did not Mr. Eames know all about it? Why had not Mr. Eames sent them up? Where was Mr. Eames? Let Mr. Eames be sent to him. All which Mr. Eames heard standing with the cigar in his mouth and his back to the fire.

"Somebody has been bullying old Buffie, I suppose. After all he has been at the Treasury to-day," said Eames to himself.

But he did not stir until the messenger had been to him, nor even then, at once.

"All right, Rafferty," he said; "I'll go in just now."

Then he took half a dozen more whiffs from the cigar, threw the remainder into the fire, and opened the door which communicated between his room and Sir Raffle's,

The great man was standing with two unopened spistles in his hand.

"Eames," said he, "here are letters—"

Then he stopped himself and began upon another subject.

"Did I not give express orders that I would have no smoking in the office?"

"I think Mr. Kissing said something about it, sir."

"Mr. Kissing! It was not Mr. Kissing at all. It was I. I gave the order myself."

"You'll find it began with Mr. Kissing."

"It did not begin with Mr. Kissing. It began and ended with me. What are you going to do sir?"

John Eames had stepped toward the bell, and

his hand was already on the bell-pull.

"I was going to ring for the papers, sir."

"And who told you to ring for the papers? I don't want the papers. The papers won't show anything. I suppose my word may be taken without the papers. Since you're so fond of Mr. Kissing—"

"I'm not fond of Mr. Kissing at all."

"You'll have to go back to him, and let somebody else come here who will not be too independent to obey my orders. Here are two most important letters that have been lying here all day, instead of being sent to me at the Treasury."

"Of course they have been lying there. I thought you were at the club."

"I told you I should go to the Treasury. I have been there all the morning with the chancellor—when Sir Raffle spoke officially of the chancellor he was not supposed to mean the Lord Chancellor—"and here I find letters which I particularly wanted lying upon my desk now. I must put an end to this kind of thing. I must, indeed. If you like the outer office better say so at once, and you can go."

"I'll think about it, Sir Raffle."

"Think about it! What do you mean by thinking about it? But I can't talk about that now. I'm very busy and shall be here till half-past seven. I suppose you can stay?"

"All right if you wish it, sir."

"Very well, that will do for the present. I wouldn't have had these letters delayed for twenty pounds."

"I don't suppose it would have mattered one straw if both of them remained unopened till next week."

This last speech, however, was not made aloud to Sir Raffle, but by Johnny to himself in the solitude of his own room.

Very soon that he went away, Sir Raffle discovered that one of the letters in question required his immediate return to the West End.

"I have changed my mind about staying. I shan't stay now. I should have done if these letters had reached me as they ought."

"Then I suppose I can go?"

"You can do as you like about that," said Sir Raffle.

Eames did do as he liked, and went home, or to his club; and as he went he resolved that he would put an end, and at once, to the present trouble of his life. Lily Dale should accept him or reject him; and, taking either the one or the other alternative, she should hear a bit of his mind plainly spoken.

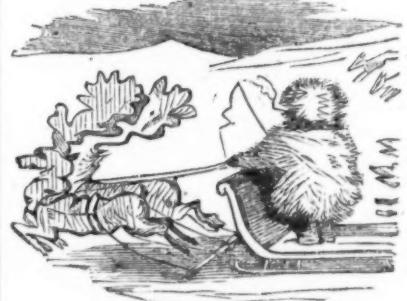
OUR ARTIST'S ACCOUNT OF RUSSIAN AMERICA.

DEAR L.—: I see by the papers to-day, that we have received from the Czar all Russian America, if we will pay seven millions; and as I've been "thar," I suppose that a few slight sketches will do to give you a true and reliable view of what a cheap bargain the purchase will be. They call it a desert of ice and of snow, but if, my dear L., you will listen to me, and look at these sketches which I give below, you will see that the traveler never is quite alone as he travels, by day or by night. For the natives press round him with



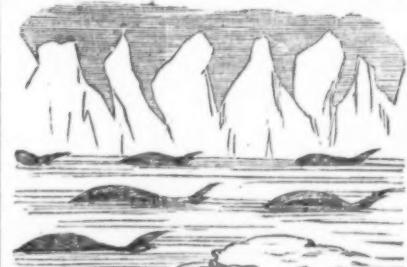
TRAVELING IN COMPANY.

kindest intent, and eager to show their hospitable bent. They would share him among them, if they only could, so anxious and eager are they for his good. And even when sleighing they run on his track, and would almost



SEIGHING OR BEING SLAIN.

use force to make him turn back. A trip through this country affords, as you'll see, the chance for enjoying great variety of manners and customs: of things strange and new; for example, just look at this little view of a



A CROWDED THOROUGHFARE.

thronged thoroughfare, and you'll see at a glance that their ways are not quite those prevailing in France; while this sketch of a flourishing village also will serve



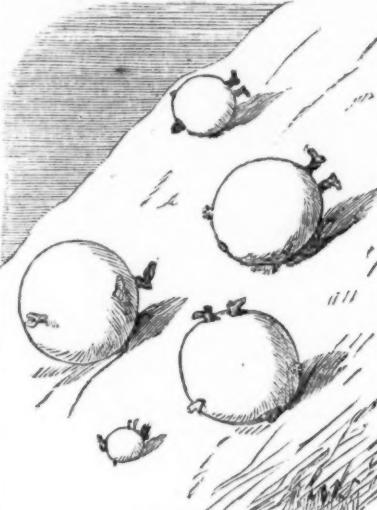
A FLOURISHING VILLAGE.

their different customs to show; while here still again is a fortified town, with their winter amusements, and



A FORTIFIED TOWN.

how they come down the steepest of hills, o'er the



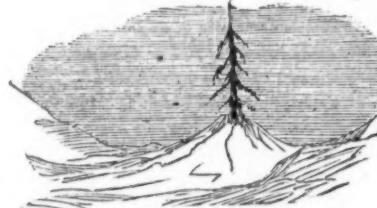
ON THE DOWNS.

slippery ice, with a safety and ease which makes the device one we should adopt when the season's propitious, since the speed is quite fair and the feeling delicious. For a residence too the country affords some charms which my sketches show better than words. For example, astronomers here may enjoy observations six months at a time, nor fear the advent of the sun to



THE ASTRONOMERS' PARADISE.

annoy, as he does in the temperate clime, while the lovers of nature have also the chance to see her in moods which can't but enhance their delight, since the sight of the pole in this plight will certainly be quite a rarity,



THE NORTH POLE IN ITS SUMMER DRESS.

it, when these Russian lands pass to our hands, the pole will not lose its polarity. Seven millions I'm sure every one must agree in cheap for a purchase like this. For in our hands it must come to be the genuine country of bliss. Suppose we pass the summer there? How do you think 'would do? I'm ready if you'll pay the bills. Yours truly, TURILU.

A GUSHING WRITER.—How blest must that paper be which possesses a penny-a-liner who can produce such overpowering eloquence as the following, which we extract from a Welsh paper! After the description of a wedding of some local note, which took place on the 7th inst., at Newcastle-Emlyn, the writer goes on to give vent to his wishes in the following brilliant style: "May the torch this day ignited at the hymeneal altar continue to burn with constancy and love, not like the light of the glowworm, which emits its tiny, sparkling flame in the warm summer nights, but, when the chilly blast of winter comes, hides its diminished head; nor the bobbing, bounding light of the *ignis-fatua*, hovering over a treacherous bog, leading its followers to certain grief; neither that of the fusty, spluttering Roman candle, which, though burning with mighty fuses, sends out now and then a shooting star to maze the wondering crowd, then with a crashing bang explodes, leaving the night in utter darkness; nor the light of the fizzing rocket, rushing in rapid flight as if to pierce the utmost bounds of space, when lo! by its rapidity it soon consumes itself, and its last and strongest effort of progression bursts into numerous beauteous forms of starlike grandeur, which soon die, leaving a passing, pleasing recollection only, no sooner lost to sight than forgotten." Whatever becomes of the glowworm, the *ignis-fatua*, the spluttering Roman candle, and the fizzing rocket, can there be harm in wishing to the above writer a long life, so that when his rocket, candle and other similes are exhausted, he may go on producing others equally wonderful?

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHAT paper has the largest circulation?—Counterfeit fifty cent currency.

PUNCH says it is dreadful to hear of a child, only one month old, taking to the bottle.

A COUNTRY boy, having heard of sailors heaving up anchors, wanted to know if it was sea-sickness that made them do it.

THE recent marriage of Mr. Day with Miss Field presents this singular anomaly, that although he gained the *feld*, she won the *day*.

DR. QUILP's query to some men who looked blank—Did you grudge Crosby his replenished pockets because he had pictutes?

"Hoy," said a facetious farmer to his son, "we had a pretty hard day's work yesterday, now let's have a game of chopping wood."

A YANKEE boasting of a visit which he had paid to the Queen, clinched his remarks by declaring: "I should have been invited to stay to dinner, but it was wasting day."

A METHODIST exhorter recently bewailing the coldness of his flock in religious matters, said very curiously that the church members of late attended too much to the conversion of seven-thirties.

BARON ALDERSON once, in reply to a juryman's statement that he was deaf in one ear, observed: "Then leave the box before the trial begins; for it is necessary that jurymen should hear both sides."

At one of the schools in Chicago the inspector asked the children if they could give any text of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted the text: "No man can have two masters."

In the burlesque of Mugby Junction occurs a conundrum which any bright girl can get off, to the discomfiture of any conceited spooney.

"Why, sir, are you like my opera-glass?"

"Because I can draw you out, see you through, and shut you up."

A HANDSOME young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding day. One of her bridesmaids asked the subject of her meditation.

"I was thinking," she replied, "which of my old beaux I should marry if I should become a widow."

WHEN a man wants money or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging and indulgent, and lets him want it.

THE WHEEL of fortune must have belonged originally to an omnibus, for it is continually "taking up" and "putting down" people.

PREJUDICES are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

A MAN boasting in a company of ladies that he had a very luxuriant head of hair, a lady present observed that it was owing to the mellowess of the soil.

A BACHELOR observed that he would marry, if certain of a wife perfectly good. A bystander begged him to bespeak one, as none such were ready made.

A WESTERN editor wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons applies to doctors who carry pills in their pocket.

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked how he was. "Well," he said, pathetically, "I think I feel better for that little walk."

If a woman does keep a secret, it is pretty sure to be with telling effect.

THE biggest liar in sacred history.—Goliath.

A DOG-MA is the maternal parent of puppies.

If you visit a young woman, and you are won, and she is won, you will both be one. How strange!

A SCHOOLMASTER in Ohio advertises that he will keep Sunday-school twice a week—on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

A "LADIES' shoemaker" advertised himself as one of the luminaries of "the Sole her System."

THE man who "challenged contradiction" got into an awful fight, and was severely beaten.

"THE child is father to the man." Not in, variably; we have known it to be mother of the woman.

FIVE women are editors of papers in Iowa. Woman has some of her "writings" in that State.

AN advertisement says: "Wanted, a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character."

THERE is a firm in Elgin, Illinois, known as "Gray & Lunt." Half the letters come to them directed to "Lay & Grunt."

WHAT is the difference between a housewife and an editor? One sets articles to rights, and the other writes articles to set.

A GENTLEMAN having occasion to call upon an author, found him in his study writing. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said:

"It is hot as an oven."

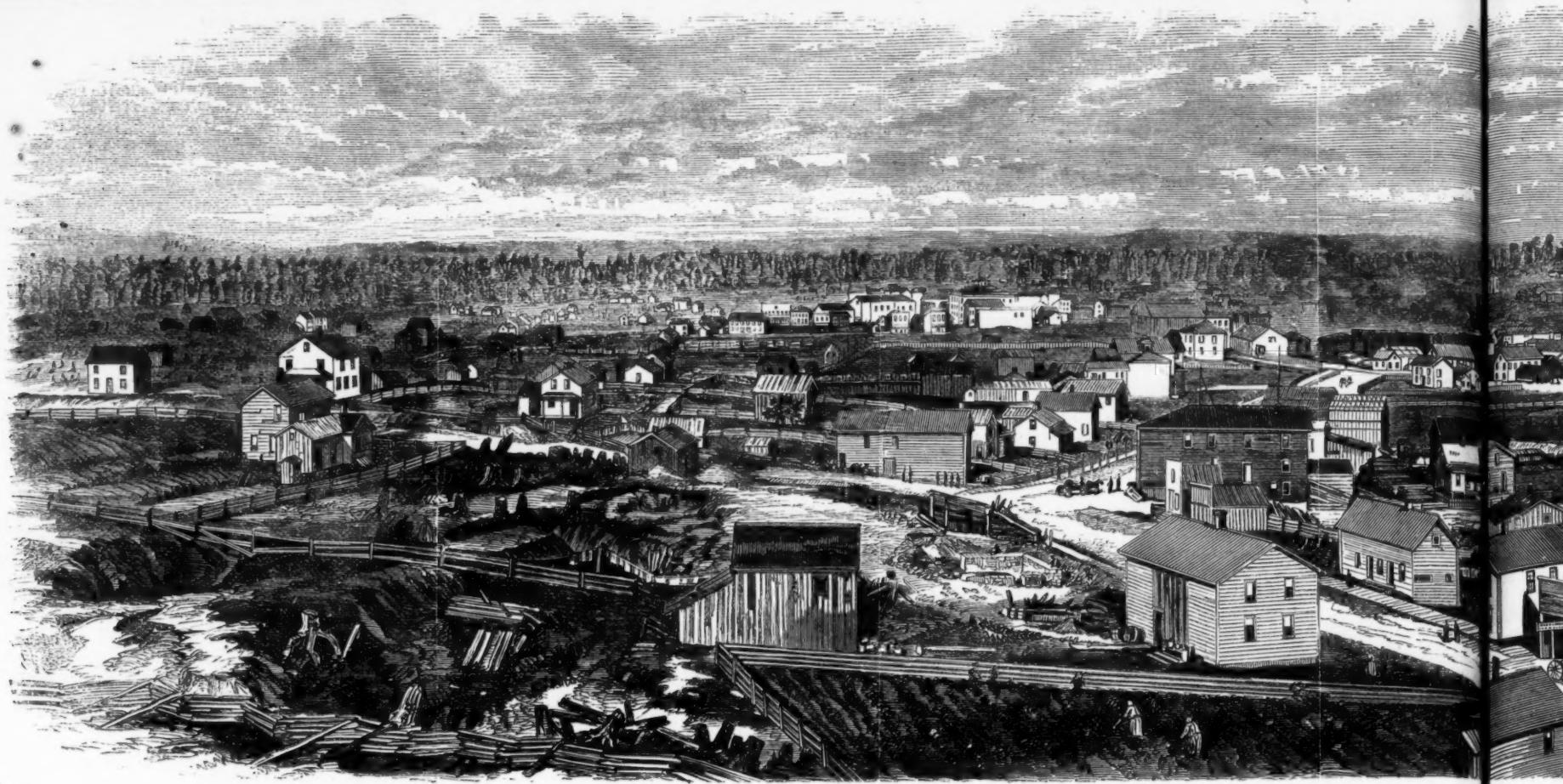
"So it ought to be," replied the author, "for it's here I make my bread."

A WITTY gentleman speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked, that "he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone."

"If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander,

"I do not see how he lives at all."

"Oh," responded the wag, "he lives on the by-laws."



THE CITY OF CORRY, PENNSYLVANIA. A PHOTOGRAPH.

The City of Corry, Pennsylvania.

THE city of Corry is one of the most remarkable instances of rapid growth that this country affords. Five years ago the site it now occupies was a wild forest, and now it is an incorporated city, with a population numbering over 8,000 persons. Its history is intimately

Dartmouth College, at Hanover, New Hampshire, where he graduated in 1845. Entering, then, the Dana Law School, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, he went through the course of legal study, graduating in 1848, and settling

of Corry, and commenced clearing away the forest, for the purpose of building the Downer Oil Works, which were completed and commenced manufacturing in 1863. The town, being at the end of the Oil Creek Railroad,

Mayor. This honor was most appropriately his due, since the town had grown up around him, and its increase and importance was in no small measure due to his own personal exertions. Besides the general view of

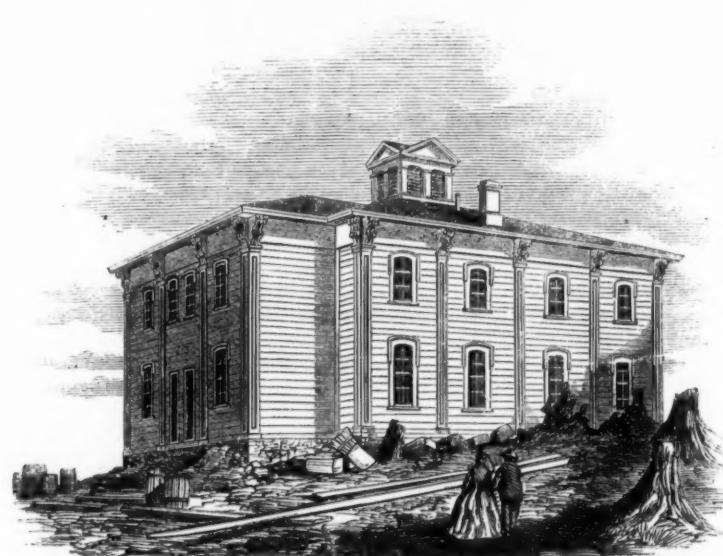


W. H. L. SMITH, FIRST MAYOR OF CORRY.

connected with that of its first Mayor, W. H. L. Smith, Esq., whose portrait we also give in this issue, and the main acts in whose life are as follows: Mr. Smith was born in Lowell, Vermont, then a remote frontier settlement, in 1824. In 1833 his family removed to Lowell, Massachusetts, where he remained until he entered

in Boston, where he remained in the practice of his profession until 1860. Having then formed a business connection with Mr. Downer, of Boston, he became interested in the manufacture of coal and petroleum oils, and in September, 1861, removed to the site of the city

and at the junction of the Pennsylvania and the Atlantic and Great Western Railways, commenced to increase with great rapidity, so that during the winter of 1865-6 a city charter was granted it by the State Legislature, and in March, 1866, [Mr. Smith was elected the first

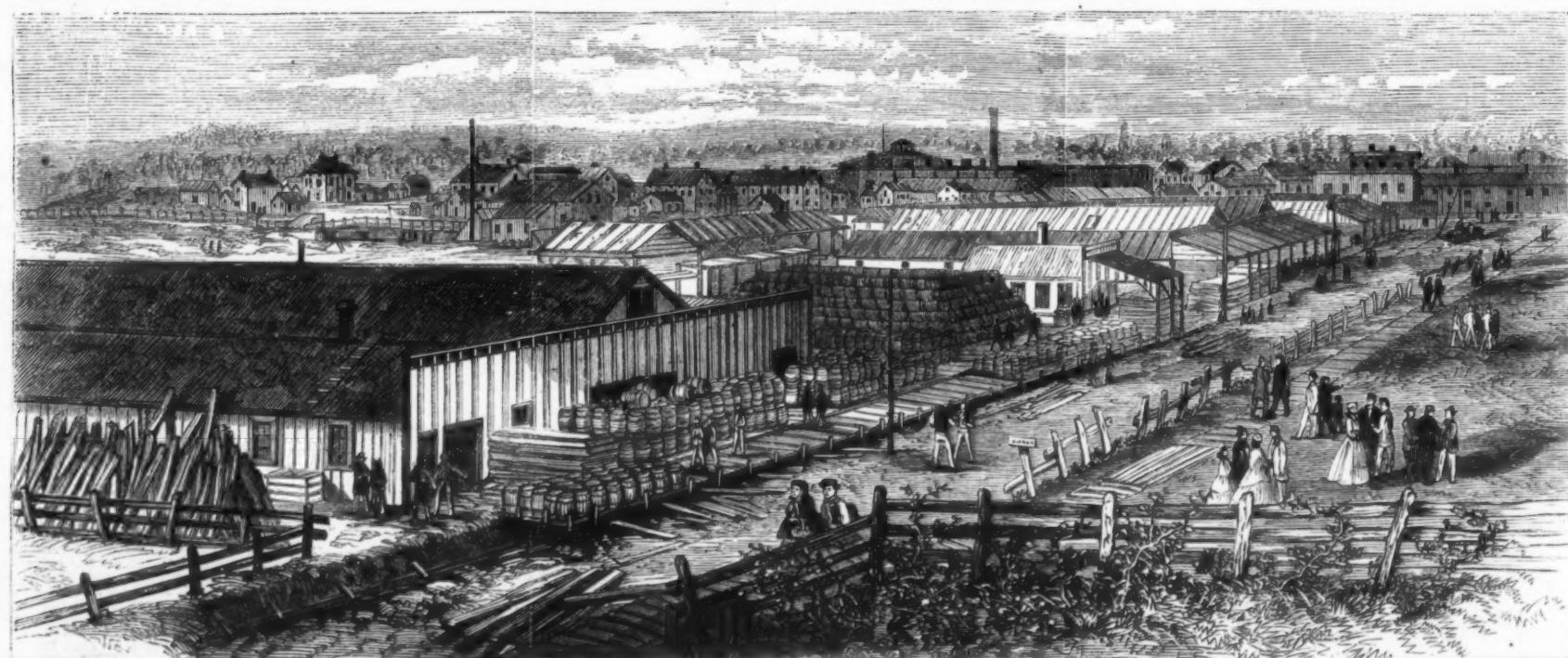


PUBLIC SCHOOL-HOUSE, AT CORRY, PA.

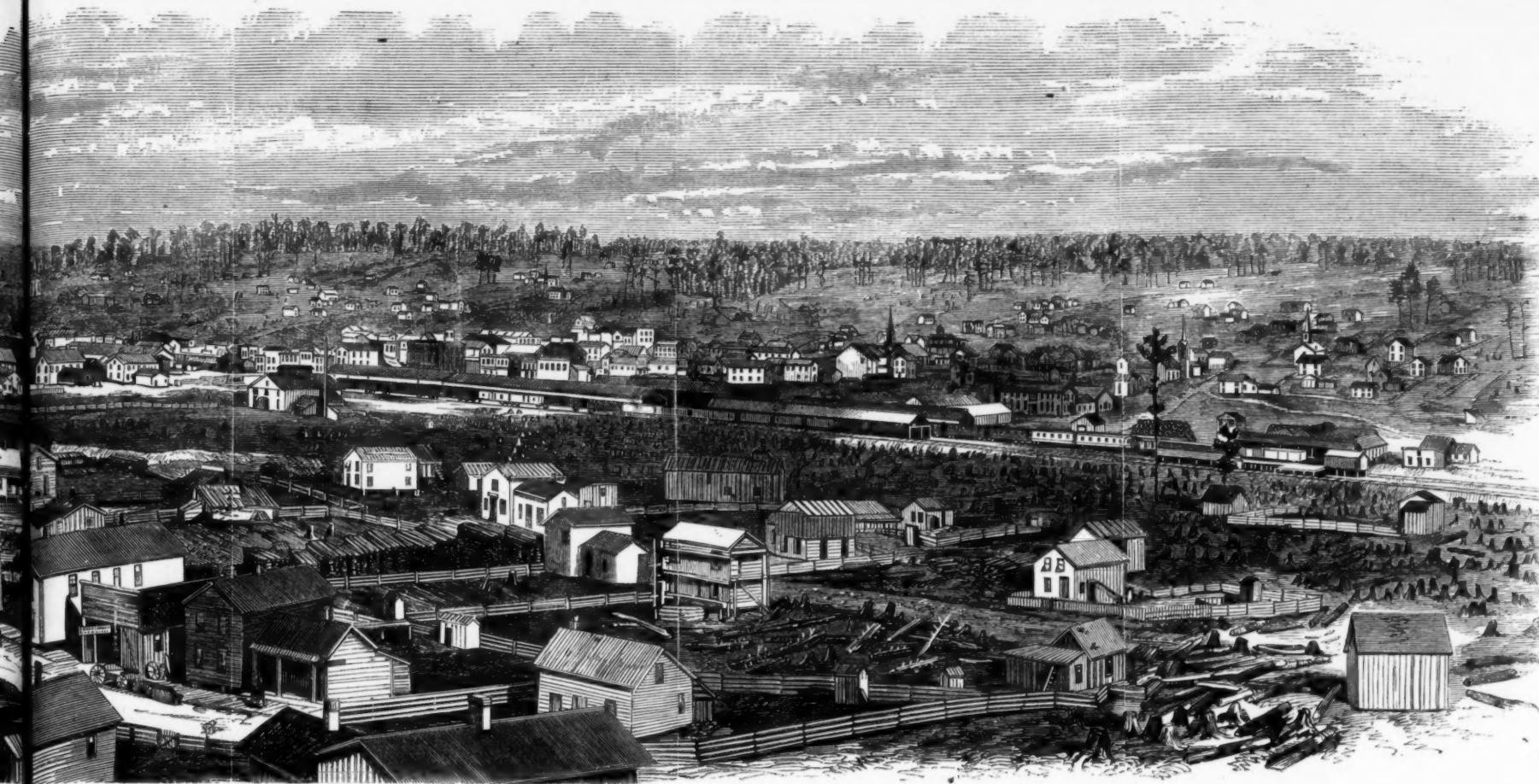


INDIAN SKULL FOUND AT CORRY.

the city, we give also views of First avenue and Main street, which are two of the principal thoroughfares of Corry, and also the picture of the public school-house, the peculiarly national institution of this country, and to which, more than anything else, we are indebted for



VIEW OF FIRST AVENUE, CORRY, PENN.



VIEW OF CORRY, PENN.

the intelligent enterprise so characteristic of the United States, and of which such astonishing growths as that of Corry itself are the result. It is suggestive to find a public school upon the ground which but a few years before was occupied by the forest. The skull, of which we also give a picture, was one of seven which were found together, placed in a row, by W. Ober, while excavating for his cellar. They were found about ten inches below the surface, and are supposed to be the remains of some of the aboriginal Indians. The principal support of Corry is the manufacture of oil, and the growth of the city is a striking proof of the wonderful increase of this new branch of industry.

What Makes a Gentleman.

WHAT is a gentleman? Who is a gentleman? I pause for a reply. Of course there will be at once as many score thousand answers, indignant, sarcastic, explanatory and argumentative, to my queries as there are readers to this article. But I must repeat them nevertheless. "What is a gentleman? and who, if you please, has a right to be considered one?"

Maginn once, discussing the vexed question, quoted an Irish authority, who laid it down that for dueling

purposes any one might be considered a gentleman who wore a clean shirt once a week. The present generation is more fastidious, and would not be satisfied with such a standard of gentility. The Byronic idea of a gentleman we are all familiar with: small hands and feet, a high forehead (warranted alabaster), curly hair, and a fine taste for hock and soda-water in the morning; but when we find a being so endowed squabbling with his wife, recommending Mr. Grimaldi the clown to take soy with his apple-tart, and composing a scurrl poem under the inspiration of diluted gin and not hock, one begins to doubt somewhat of the correctness of the Byronic theory. It is plain, I am afraid, that manners have little to do with making a gentleman—in the world's sense of the term.

The Plantagenets ate their meals with their fingers, slept on straw, and did not use pocket-handkerchiefs; and Charlemagne, not being able to write, was compelled to dip the forefinger of his glove in ink and smear it over the parchment, when it was necessary that the imperial sign-manual should be affixed to an edict. Imagine "Carolus Magnus et his mark!" The best-bred men of modern times have often been of the most plebeian extraction. The French Duke de Noailles-Noailles confessed that the dancing-master Vestris, if

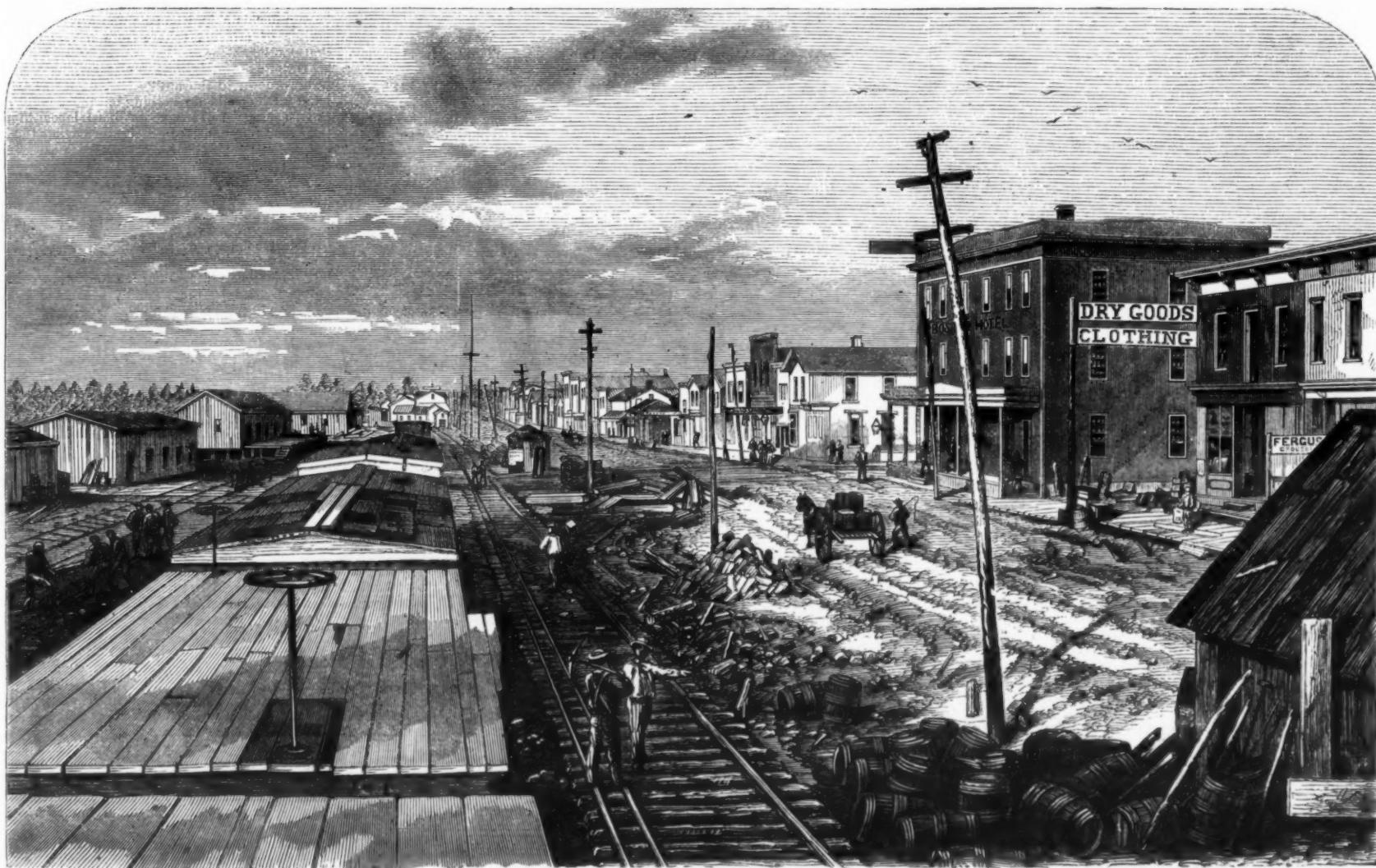
his demeanor was to be taken as a criterion, was the most polished gentleman he ever saw; whereas, *per contra*, read what St. Simon has to say of the bearish and brutish manners of the great Dukes and Peers of his time.

Brummell, the pattern of English patricians, was the son of a petty lodging-house keeper, and the grandson of a menial servant—if he ever had a grandfather at all. Again, as to appearance. Take down your Lavater's Physiognomy, and, placing your hand over the names appended to the portraits, just strive by guess-work to determine who are the nobly-descended and who the base-born in that long panorama of faces. Long odds may be laid that when you come to remove your hand, you will discover that this eagle-nosed, lofty-browed worthy, who by his countenance should be of the bluest blood of Castile, is the son of a cobbler, and that this bull-necked, snub-nosed, thick-lipped, clop-hopping-looking fellow is a grandee of a hundred quarterings, or a prince of an imperial house. Now, do you think I am about to launch into some hotly democratic invective against the folly and fallacy of claims of long descent; that I am about to quote the "grand old gardener and his wife;" or ask, with Wat Tyler's crew, who was a "gentleman" when the gardener delved and his wife

span; or chuckle over the ambassador-poet's proposed epitaph:

"Ladies and gentles, by your leave,
Here lies the body of Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?"

No: I have not any wish to attempt sarcasm either one way or the other—either about "tenth transmitters of foolish faces," or poor varlets whose blood "has crept through scoundrels ever since the Flood." Blood, quota! If I am pricked, will not my veins yield the life current; and if I choose to wear blue spectacles, may I not decide it to be the real tap—the genuine *sangre aul?* Blood, forsooth! What are your two-penny-halfpenny Howards and Percys to my ancestry—to yours, my descendant of five hundred cattle lifters—to yours, Fitz Bogie designed of Macgillicuddy; to yours, M. de Sidonia, who carry three trumpets proper in memory of your ancestor who helped to blow the walls of Jericho down? and what are all our boastings of ancient descent compared with those of the Chuggs of Suffolk, who have held the plow and cracked the cloids for twice five hundred years. Let us all be proud of our progenitors, and think ourselves each and severally the very finest gentlemen that ever stepped; and when a rude person says, "Sir, you are no gentleman," let us answer him, "Sir, you are no judge."



VIEW OF MAIN STREET, CORRY, PENN.

ON GUARD.

You see this dog I fondle here,
Whose shaggy hairs my hands caress,
Who, knowing he is held so dear,
Lays his rough head upon my dress?

You think his face intelligent,
And thoughtful those great eyes of his?
I think his very tongue was meant
Some bleeding hand or side to kiss!

With me he lives, and with the child
Whose life no father's care will feel;
You'd hardly fancy eyes as mild
Had ever glared on flashing steel.

Brave body-guard of him for whom
My tears fall hot at eve and morn,
Strong have you stood through sword and bomb,
And seen a thousand round you torn!

Come here, old head! lay down again!
There lingers o'er you yet his breath!
His arm still holds you fast as when
It held you in the ranks of Death!

Not less are brave whom chance of war
May save alike from fire and shell;
How brave you whom I fondle are
None but the dead in Christ shall tell!

But this I know—when cursé hand
Struck down at once his life and mine,
How you, who, faithful, watched him stand
Where in the sun swords brightest shine—

Saw at the last his life go down,
As in the chill of eve you lay
At his dead side! You have your crown,
Another rests on him to-day!

On guard in life, in death on guard,
And stained with many a crimson streak,
Good faithful dog, you listen hard!
You know, I'm sure, of whom I speak!

Down, down! You heard a noise, you thought
Some harm or ill to me would come?—
No fear, old friend! this—dearly bought—
For me and for my child in home!

So stay with me, if stay you will;
Unpensioned, not unloved! your head
Rest on me so!—when all was still
You thus sat watching o'er your dead!

HEART EXPERIENCES.

A NEAT, nicely-furnished sitting-room, whose every arrangement bespeaks the presence of wealth and refinement. The occupant, a sweet-faced, lively little woman, whose earnest gray eyes and broad, low brow denoted unusual intellectual strength and vigor. One glance would be sufficient to discover that the lady was in an extremely nervous state, for the beautiful eyes were heavy with unshed tears, and the white taper fingers trembled as they drew together large holes and small holes in innumerable pairs of stockings—stockings for tiny feet—hose of larger size for some six-footer of the masculine gender, several articles of wearing apparel, including buttonless shirts and baby toggiery, whose little tucks and bands had been heedlessly torn in the washing and ironing process, made up a sum total of vexation which was quite sufficient to try the nerves of a much stronger woman than was this pale-faced, delicate little flower.

Minnie Radcliffe had embarked on the sea of matrimony at the early age of eighteen, and now at twenty found herself the mother of a peevish, sickly infant of some nine or ten months, and although the family was small, consisting only of her husband, herself and baby, and one servant (whose slovenly inefficiency was the cause of much discouragement), yet she found her time entirely taken up with domestic duties by day and the care of the fretful infant by night. Her husband, the type of an extremely large class of married men, forgot to sympathize with her; and she felt this pleasant June afternoon, as she bent her head over the accumulated pile of darns and mending, that life had very little for her, and that matrimony had transformed her into a mere household drudge, which she knew was as damaging to soul as to body. There is no doubt that a certain amount of domestic labor is not only serviceable for females, but really of the greatest importance to health and beauty, and this incessant care and toil, these busy days and restless nights, she felt sure were searing deep furrows in heart and soul, and leaving a most unmistakable impress on countenance and expression.

The little French clock on the mantel chimed the hour of six, and hastily laying aside thimble and needle, she descended to the kitchen to see what progress Bridget had made in the culinary department.

Half-past six was the dinner hour, and Minnie glanced with dismay at the unwashed lunch-dishes, the unswept dining-room, with its windows and blinds stretched wide open, and swarms of flies buzzing around, all over the delicate satin paper, which Minnie had taken so much pride in; and her tone was anything but pleasant as she accosted Bridget with:

"What in the world are you doing, Bridget?"
"Peeling peas, ma'am," replied the graduate of Erin, without changing countenance.

"Preparing peas at this time? They should have been boiling half an hour ago; Bridget, you know better than this; leave them this instant."

"But didn't the 'boss' send them home, and didn't he say to boil a good many? for you know, ma'am, yourself, that he is uncommon fond of peas."

"I can't help what he said. It is your fault that he does not have them, and I shall not fail to tell him so. Now sweep and dust this dining-room;" and Minnie made a desperate attack upon the flies with a long feather duster, and in a few moments chaos was reduced to order. Minnie had just commenced to pick over the strawberries, when the sound of Master Radcliffe's sturdy cry was wafted to her ears, for in whatever other part of his little frame sickness and weakness might be located, it was quite evident that his lungs had no share in the disease. So with innumerable cautions to Bridget, and bidding her make all possible dispatch, she hurried up-stairs just in time to find Arthur bending over the screaming infant, who had precipitated himself over the foot of his crib, and now with a bump on his forehead was receiving the sympathy of his paternal parent, after this wise:

"Did mamma, naughty mamma, go and leave papa's baby to kill his little self? How came you, Minnie, to leave this child alone for a moment? Oh! papa will have to stay home from the store all the time to keep his little darling from breaking his neck. Do you think I had better go to the doctor, Minnie?"

"I think you have made a simpleton of yourself quite long enough. Come here, dear," and she took the baby from its father's arms, and after bathing the contusion a few moments in cold water, was rewarded by a cessation of screams.

"What's the matter, Minnie, that there is no hot water?" inquired Arthur, emerging from the bath-room with an expression of ugliness on his face, which did not have the effect of making his wife a particle more amiable.

"For the best of reasons, Mr. Radcliffe. The lining of the range is in such a state that I ordered Bridget not to make another fire until it was fixed. You were notified of the fact a week ago!" and Minnie gave her little head a toss one side, which expressed plainer than words could that she was all ready for battle.

"How the d— can a fellow remember everything?" and Arthur went back to the bath-room, and after a good flounce in the clear cold water, came out considerably cooled down, and as a natural consequence, much better-natured. Not so with Minnie. She had nursed her anger, and kept it warm.

Little scenes of this kind had got to be of almost daily occurrence, and the inexperienced wife felt that misery and unkindness were constantly accumulating, and looked down into her own heart there to see that love was drying out, leaving nothing but the ashes of the past to remind her of affection's presence. Constant bickerings, fault-finding, little unmanly injustices like this of the afternoon, had come to be not the exception but the rule, and Minnie saw very little reason to hope for a better state of affairs; for with nervous weakness on her own part, brought about by heart-aches, and loss of sleep, she had long since ceased to govern her own temper; and so in this most unnatural but extremely common relation, stood this young married couple.

The dinner-bell rang, and the trio descended to the dining-room, there to find meat miserably cooked, potatoes watery, biscuit heavy, and scarcely anything eatable but a pudding, which Minnie had herself made in the morning, and the luscious strawberries, which, however, were not arranged very temptingly, owing to the interruption Master Radcliffe had made.

Arthur said but little, for he saw by the flash of Minnie's eye that her temper was up, and knowing his side was the weakest, wisely refrained from an encounter.

This evening had been set apart for a visit to an old school-friend, whom Minnie had not seen for a long time, and Arthur had promised to accompany her. So, directly after dinner she commenced making preparations.

"What are you dressing up so for, Minnie? Expect company?"

"Is it possible, Arthur Radcliffe, that you have forgotten that we were to go to Mira Arnold's this evening?"

"Why, to-night isn't Thursday night, is it? Well, I declare, so it is; but the fact is, Minnie, we shall have to postpone this till to-morrow evening, for I promised Van Vlick to come up to Lodge and help him work the third degree to-night. By George, it is dencely hot to put the poor fellows through, but I expect we shall have some rich fun."

"And I am to be disappointed again, just for that stupid old masonry. How dare you treat me so, Arthur Radcliffe? How dare you? I wish I was dead," and the tired, heart-broken woman burst into a fit of passionate weeping.

"Another scene. D—nit, how I do hate such foolishness!" and without another word Monsieur Radcliffe stalked from the apartment—down-stairs—slamming the street door enough to take it off its hinges.

So the weeks passed on, the breach growing constantly wider, and no effort made on either side to bridge it over.

The baby's health did not improve. He seemed to grow more nervous and restless, and less inclined to sleep. So Minnie's physical health diminished accordingly, and the weight on her spirits kept her constantly depressed and morbid. Arthur did not notice those premonitory symptoms. Business and pleasure outside, fault-finding and sulks at home, occupied all his time, and Minnie gave herself up to the care of her baby, and tried to forget her husband's existence.

One night Arthur was awakened from a deep sleep by a shriek from his wife, and, hastily rising, found that the infant was in convulsions. Their physician was summoned, and the case immediately pronounced hopeless; and, sure enough, the little sufferer lingered only a few hours, and, more dead than alive, Minnie was borne away to her chamber.

In vain did Arthur endeavor to comfort her: she loathed him, and told him so. By his persistent conduct that nothing serious was the matter, he had

destroyed the last hope of the child's life; and by his neglect and unkindness had entirely alienated her heart from him.

They followed the remains to the grave without speaking, and the next day Arthur went to business as usual, and returned at night to a desolate home—no wife—no baby. Minnie had flown and left no trace of her disappearance. A little note was pinned to the cushion:

"ARTHUR—I have occupied the position of unloved wife long enough, therefore I leave you, taking with me my own and baby's wardrobe."

"MINNIE."

"Good God!" burst from the lips of the agonized man, "what a wretch I have been!" as the full knowledge of his past conduct and present consequences suddenly awakened his long-slumbering conscience. "Oh, Father in Heaven, where shall I find her?" But Deity gave no answer.

He visited all her relations, but they had not seen her. Detectives were engaged, policemen privately put upon the track, but weeks passed on and the almost frantic man, had as yet gained no information.

Weeks rolled into months, and finally a whole year had passed since Minnie left her husband's house, and Arthur, pale and careworn, a wreck of his former handsome self, wandered around in unfrequented places, and paid out fabulous sums of money for time which had been employed for him, but had never been productive of the least benefit.

There was to be an examination at one of our up-town public schools, and Arthur received a note from one of the detectives, asking him to meet him there at such a day and hour. Wondering what it could mean, and if any tidings had been gained of Minnie, he presented himself punctually at the time, and was given an obscure seat in the hall, where he could see all without being observed himself.

A little figure, clad in black, with hair pushed

plainly back from her pale, intellectual brow, stepped on to the platform and commenced the examination of her pupils, a class of young ladies, ranging from fourteen to eighteen years of age.

Arthur's heart almost stood still; for there was his darling alive and well, and he hid his face and groaned to think that she no longer loved him, and most probably would persist in remaining away from him. How should he again win her? Would she ever forgive him? Those and ten thousand similar questions ran through his brain with the velocity of lightning. He eagerly watched her every motion, drank in every word; but no shadow of a smile flitted over her face, and he knew that sorrow and grief were gnawing at her heart-strings.

The exercises were over, and Arthur and his friend waited at a safe distance for her to come out, and then followed her to her residence, which Arthur recognized as the dwelling of a favorite aunt of Minnie's.

"There is probably nothing more that I can do for you," said the detective, shaking him cordially by the hand; "but may you meet with success is my earnest desire—and I really think you will."

With a wildly-beating heart Arthur rang the bell and inquired for Mrs. Claverie, and was shown into the parlor to await for her coming down.

The first thing that met his eyes was a portrait of his baby, perfect and life-like, which Minnie must have painted from a photograph. The fountains of grief were unlocked; and when Mrs. Claverie entered, it was to see a strange gentleman sobbing aloud before the picture of Minnie's baby. A suspicion of the truth flashed across her mind, and advancing to his side, she laid her hand kindly on his arm.

"Oh, Auntie Claverie, what shall I do?"

This was all the poor fellow could say.

"You have sinned, suffered, and, let us hope, repented. Don't take it so hard, dear; perhaps a reconciliation can be effected."

"But Minnie, my darling wife, how shall I ever make her understand how terribly I have suffered, and how truly repentant for all my past harshness and injustice? Tell me what to do, auntie."

Just at this moment the little dark-robed figure glided in, and, seeing her aunt engaged in earnest confidential consultation with a gentleman, was about to withdraw, when Arthur caught a glimpse of her, and with a bound stood before her.

"Oh, Minnie—my wife—for God's sake, don't run away from me again. Come to my arms, dear," and he extended wide the once coveted retreat, but Minnie stood without stirring a muscle, like one in a dream. "You will not? Oh, Minnie, my darling, I have wandered up and down the earth with but one thought—one desire—that you might be restored to me. But, Minnie, if you refuse my love and my shelter, in the memory of our mutual love—that baby—say that you forgive me."

The little figure crept nearer, and laying her head upon his bosom, softly said:

"The fault was not all on your side, dear. I, too, have been to blame; but my great loss almost drove me insane. I forgive you everything; can you forgive me my heartlessness?"

"I have nothing to forgive. My own inattention, fault-finding, and want of sympathy produced this result. You forgive me, Minnie; can you do any more than that?" and Arthur's voice sunk to a whispered entreaty, and Minnie clung closer to his bosom.

"Yes, Arthur, I can love you more than ever. May I go home with you?"

"Yes, Minnie; our home is just as you left it."

And, amid smiles and tears, and Aunt Claverie's congratulations, Arthur and Minnie drove home, reunited, and with an experience which was of more value than any other discipline could possibly have been. Let us hope that, hereafter, unkindness may be a stranger to both of them.

A Sailor's Exploit.

On the 30th of August, 1841, the brig Sea-Witch, a Brazil trader, arrived off Rio Janeiro, and was immediately put in quarantine.

Jack Ford, a genial, reckless Irishman, was on the midnight watch on that eventful night. The weather was clear and beautiful, the sky perfectly studded with stars, and the glassy surface of the sea was only disturbed by that long, heaving swell, which is seen when there is not a capful of air in the atmosphere, and which seems like the breathing of the great deep.

Jack stood leaning over the forecastle nettings, occasionally looking up at the brilliant sky, and then down at the ocean, which was but its heaving counterpart. Away up the bay, beyond the Pas d'Assucar, the lights of the city gleamed, and the hum of the thronging multitudes was borne faintly across the water. Behind him, sky, ocean and darkness mingled.

All at once, as he cast his eye toward shore, he saw a canoe put off from land and paddle rapidly out in the bay. The obscurity prevented his ascertaining the number it contained, but he was sure there were several. While he was watching it, it halted, and he heard a moan of pain.

Instantly every sense was on the alert. He heard them mutter something, and the next moment a light bundle was thrown overboard and sank out of sight. This done, the canoe turned, and rapidly approaching the shore, the inmates as speedily disappeared.

Jack's eyes were upon the spot where the bundle sank, and when, a moment later, he saw it rise to the surface, and heard a gurgling moan, his suspicions of attempted murder were confirmed.

The tide was running out very rapidly, and as the bundle was floating by the ship, he did not hesitate to leap overboard after it. He was soon enabled to secure the drowning person, which proved to be a little girl not more than fifteen years of age.

Jack sustained her on the surface, until his shout's awakened the captain, and a boat was brought to his relief. Upon taking her aboard, her sobs and lamentations were so heart-melting that the captain consented that her rescuer might take her ashore, although in doing so, from a vessel in quarantine, he committed a serious crime, which in Brazil is punished by long and severe labor in the mines.

Jack, however, although told of the penalty, did not hesitate a moment. He started ashore in a small boat, and shortly after restored her to her mother, who was a wealthy and titled lady. He reached the house, which was at no great distance from the sea, just before daylight, without molestation from the police.

The young girl had been seized by negroes, within a hundred yards of her mother's mansion. She was gagged and robbed of her necklace, bracelets, rings, &c., and for fear of detection the black ruffians determined to throw her into the sea. She had swooned when in their hands, which fact accounted for the absence of any wounds upon her person.

And now this adventure assumed a phase which, were it not strictly true, we should hesitate to ask our readers to believe.

Jack Ford was arrested by the police as an accomplice of the negroes, and held for examination. It being proved that he belonged to a vessel that had just entered quarantine, the charge was disproved, and he was about to start again for his ship, when he was arrested for the crime of cruising ashore from a vessel in the quarantine.

Despite the praiseworthy circumstances, which were known to the authorities, Jack was tried; and as he could do nothing but plead guilty, he was sentenced to ten years' hard labor in the diamond mines, as the penalty for saving the life of one of the nobility!

The indignant officers of the ship could do nothing, and the next day Jack Ford was chained to a lot of negroes, and started for the distant diamond mines of Brazil.

The way was very long, leading through a tropical country, over burning plains, reptile-infested forests, and difficult mountains. They were many days in making the journey, and Jack often fainted by the wayside, but his merciless masters hurried him forward. What mattered it to them if the negroes had attempted murder and this Irishman had risked his life to save their victim! What cared they if he was one of the most jovial-hearted of men and his great heart seemed to entertain no ill-will toward those who had so unjustly sentenced him for his gallant deed! It was their business to get forward as fast as possible, and that they did without thought of the poor beings under their charge.

The journey to the mines, as we have said, was a terrible one. At night when Jack lay upon his back, looking up at the stars, and reflecting upon his sad fate, he more than once made the attempt to escape. But he was so securely bound that it was useless. Had he been free, he would have darted away in the mountains and perished before he would have allowed himself to be recaptured. He knew too well what ten years of labor in the diamond mines meant.

But, like a true philosopher, when they came in sight of the mines, and he saw that his doom was sealed, he gave over, and went cheerfully to work.

Jack had hardly got settled in the mines, when he mastered the Portuguese language, and at once became the favorite among the keepers of the convicts. His ready wit, his songs and jokes, enlivened many a dreary hour, and the governor himself came to look upon him with such favor that he allowed him many privileges not accorded to other convicts. His impudent humor was no respecter of persons.

"And what the devil is the use of being otherwise?"

"That is philosophy truly, but do you not become gloomy when you contemplate the time you have to remain here?"

"Isn't the time less, your honor, than it was ever before? Doesn't every birth I draw, make it just so much less? Begorah, it's only a little rising of nine years that I have to stay, and that is altogether too slight to look upon the pleasant countenance of your honor, God bless your soul!"

The governor would laugh and tell Jack he "blarneyed" too much, while the Irishman would wax wrathful and take himself off, to all appearance in high dudgeon.

A favorite occupation of Jack's was to climb a certain palm-tree that grew near the mines, for the purpose, as he expressed it, of getting a mouthful of fresh air.

"When I'm up that tree," said he, "it seems as if I were at the mast-head of the Sea-Witch; but she'll never see the likes of Jack Ford at her foretop again."

It was rather curious that Jack always climbed the same palm. He was never known to ascend any of the other trees that grew near at hand. He generally remained about half an hour, and always sat on precisely the same limb. This, however, would have aroused no curiosity had it been observed; but Jack Ford had an object in doing this, which was a great object, and which no living soul in or about the mines ever suspected for a moment.

Time rolled on and Jack steadily grew in favor with those that were placed over him; his cheerful deportment, his ready acquiescence in all the rules and regulations, the honesty that he displayed at all times, were traits which could not fail to command the respect and consideration of the governor and those in authority.

At the termination of six years Jack himself was appointed overseer. This was a most important promotion, for it elevated his condition, made him comfortable, and commanded the respect of the hundreds around him.

Shortly after this Jack was married to a hand-some native, whose parents were tolerably wealthy, and resided about a dozen miles from his place of confinement. It might now be supposed that he was happy and contented, and so he seemed to all; the obedience and faithfulness that he had shown from the beginning had brought their reward, and many a man in his position would have been willing to remain forever in his position.

But Jack never forgot that he was a convict, the worst kind of slave—that his body belonged to another for a period of ten years. Should these years pass and find him settled down in this place, he felt that he could never grow out of the sensation of suffering a penance for his crime.

As his years of banishment slowly drew to a close, he began picturing to his wife the glorious country that lay to the north of them. Jack had a father and mother in "Ameriky," and thither his heart turned, as does that of a wanderer to his home. He filled his partner with the most glowing pictures of the wealth and freedom that existed in this highly favored land. She drank all in as eagerly as the child swallows the wonderful ghost and fairy stories, and agreed to bear him company.

Even when married, and his leisure was so ardently devoted to his wife, Jack rarely, if ever, missed climbing into his favorite tree for the purpose of getting his breath of fresh air. He generally remained in this place for a half hour, and then descended and spent the remainder of his time with his wife.

Eight, nine, ten years passed on, and Jack found one day that he had been just ten years at work in the diamond mines; he had served out his full term, and was now free to go whithersoever he pleased.

When the time came to start for Rio Janeiro, his wife held back. Jack inquired the reason.

"We are poor; how shall we get home to America?"

"Never mind, me laddie," replied the Irishman, in a most significant tone, "maybe I ain't as poor as you think I basa."

She asked an explanation.

"Did Jack Ford ever deserve yees?"

She confessed that he had not.

"Then thrust him in this matter, and ye'll find when yees gets to Ameriky that there'll be mighty few with more goold than Misthur Ford."

He would not give any further explanation, but reiterated that he had abundance of wealth, as she would discover in due time. Knowing him as well as she did, she could not disbelieve him, and bidding her parents good-by, they started for Rio.

Precisely how this mysterious wealth of Jack Ford's had been obtained, it would be extremely difficult to imagine. As to stealing the diamonds, it would have required a genius to do that. The convicts are searched and physicked in every possible way to prevent the concealment of the precious gems about or within their bodies. Indeed Jack declared that he took enough physic during the last week of his stay to last him the remainder of his life.

Our hero's conduct during the ten years of his service at the mines had been so meritorious and pleasing to those in authority, that the government furnished him mules for both himself and wife to return to Rio.

On the day of their departure, just as they were about to start, Jack declared he would have a shillalah from his favorite tree. "Just to kape away the witches, or larrup the lazy mules, as it may be wanted."

Accordingly he climbed to the top, cut the limb to suit him, which he trimmed, and off started the happy pair for the emporium of South America.

The distance of the diamond mines from Rio Janeiro is about six hundred miles, and the route, as we have already shown, was a most trying one to the convicts. But Jack returned in a far more comfortable manner, physical and mental, than

he went. Then he was scourged, bound, and on foot to punishment; now he was riding beside his wife to freedom—and he was carrying a momentous secret with him!

One night, when passing through the mountains, Jack lay down to sleep in his tent, which had been cast near a high cliff. Something occurred to alarm the guard in the night, and in his excitement, one of them caught up Jack's staff and flung it at the spot where the animal was supposed to be. Whatever it was, it did not disturb them any further, and all lay down to slumber again.

When certain all around him were asleep, our hero crept stealthily forth, made his way to the spot where the animal was supposed to have been, and there he searched for over three hours for his coveted stick. When, at length, it was secured, he stole back again to slumber, and slept with the thing in his arms until morning.

At intervals his wife would endeavor to ascertain the grounds for his assertion of vast wealth, but he always put her off.

"Arrah, my dear, can't yees be aisy. It's me self that yees know would be the last one to deserve yees. I tell yees nothing but the gospel truth, as ye'll larn when yees reaches Rio."

This was generally followed by a rousing smack, and the wife was fain to give over her entreaties.

Finally Rio Janeiro was reached, and Jack, after taking up his quarters at a hotel, proceeded at once to hunt a passage homeward. As he went down to the bay, he was struck dumb with amazement and joy to see the identical Sea-Witch lying there, looking just as she did ten years before, when he had bidden, as he believed, an eternal farewell to her deck.

Jack rubbed his eyes and could hardly credit his senses. But she was there—there was no denying that, and with a heart surcharged with emotion, he engaged a waterman to row him out to it. When he reached the deck, the first man with whom he shook hands was his old captain and mate. These were the only acquaintances that remained.

The officers were indeed glad to meet Jack, and when they assured him that they were to sail on the morrow for New York, it need scarcely be said that passage was engaged immediately. This secured, Jack handed the captain his staff, asking that it might be placed in his cabin until his return, and that especial pains should be taken that it should not be mislaid. The preliminaries completed, Jack returned to the city for his passport, and his wife.

And here, upon the eve of embarking, he communicated his secret to his wife. This secret was simply this: that in spite of the extraordinary vigilance at the mines, the strict search and purging made by the officers before he left, Jack Ford had carried away with him over six hundred valuable diamonds!

And this is the way he accomplished it: Every day that he climbed the palm tree, he took a diamond with him in his mouth. After sitting on his favorite limb for a moment, he would cut a slit in the bark and slip it in. This he would ingeniously fasten until the place grew up, when the place of inoculation healed over and there was a valuable diamond grown up in the limb. By keeping up this practice through nearly all of ten years, the branch became crammed with jewels, and Jack thus carried away a fortune that would have made a grandee's eyes sparkle with pleasure.

This proceeding of Jack's can hardly be called honest, and yet when we bear in mind that the Brazilian Government most unjustly and cruelly extorted ten of the best years of his life from him, reaping the reward itself, there is some palliation for the act.

Jack had been gone but a few days, when a queer suspicion entered the head of the governor of the mine. Going to the tree, which had been such a favorite with the convict, he climbed in and made an examination. In the stump of the limb which remained, he picked out a diamond. His suspicions were confirmed. He understood all.

Descending, he called one of his subordinate officers to him, acquainted him with the facts, and directed him to make all haste after the government party, accompany it to Rio—taking care that no one should suspect his intention—there have Jack arrested for a crime, the punishment of which would be labor in the mines. This agent, who was a trustworthy servant of the government, understood the secret, and faithfully did he carry out his instructions. He traveled with all speed, and sometimes far into the night, but it happened that the government train journeyed at a good rate of speed, and they reached Rio Janeiro just thirty-six hours in advance of the police officer.

The latter made all haste to the authorities, and inquired whether Jack Ford had left the city. He was informed that he had obtained passports for himself and wife that same day, and was then on board the Sea Witch which was lying in the harbor. Accompanied by a single police officer, the agent was at once rowed down the bay to the ship.

"You have a passenger named Jack Ford," said the police officer, as he came on board, addressing the captain.

"That's my name," said Jack himself, stepping forward.

"I arrest you in the name of the government."

Further utterance was checked by a tremendous blow in the mouth, that laid the policeman flat upon the deck.

"You tried that game ten years ago," said the captain, his face livid with fury, addressing the other officer; "you succeeded then, but you don't do it again."

And collaring the officer, he forced him back to the gunwale, and then unceremoniously pitched him overboard.

"Be jibbers, yees had better keep him company," said Jack, catching up the policeman, who had just recovered; and follow him he did, going

overboard with a tremendous splash, where the two were picked up by the oarsmen.

The anchor was immediately weighed, and a half hour later the Sea-Witch was setting saucily out toward the blue sea. When the discomfited officers returned to the city, and reported their grievances, the Sea-Witch and its passengers were beyond the reach of the Brazilian Government.

Jack reached "Ameriky" in safety, and it need scarcely be said that he never again visited the southern half of the western continent. He did not forget handsomely to reward the captain, who stood so gallantly by him in the last moment of danger.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE SIXTEENTH LECTURE.—BABY IS TO BE CHRISTENED; MRS. CAUDLE CANVASSES THE MERITS OF PROBABLE GODFATHERS.

"COME, now, love, about baby's name? The dear thing's three months old, and not a name to its back yet. There you go again! Talk of it tomorrow! No; we'll talk of it to-night. There's no having a word with you in the day time—but here you can't leave me. Now don't say you wish you could, Caudle; that's unkind, and not treating a wife—especially the wife I am to you—as she deserves. It isn't often that I speak; but I do believe you'd like never to hear the sound of my voice. I might as well have been born dumb!"

"I suppose the baby *must* have a godfather; and so, Caudle, who shall we have? Who do you think will be able to do the most for it? No, Caudle, no; I'm not a selfish woman—nothing of the sort—but I hope I've the feelings of a mother; and what's the use of a godfather, if he gives nothing else to the child but a name? A child might almost as well not be christened at all. And so who shall we have? What do you say? *Anybody?* Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Caudle? Don't you think something will happen to you, to talk in that way? I don't know where you pick up such principles. I'm thinking who there is among our acquaintances who can do the most for the blessed creature, and you say—*Anybody?* Caudle, you're quite a heathen."

"There's Wagstaff. No chance of his ever marrying, and he's very fond of babies. He's plenty of money, Caudle; and I think he might be got. Babies, I know it—babies are his weak side. Wouldn't it be a blessed thing to find our dear child in his will? Why don't you speak? I declare, Caudle, you seem to care no more for the child than if it was a stranger's. People who can't love their children more than you do, ought never to have 'em. *You don't like Wagstaff?* No more do I much; but what's that to do with it? People who've their families to provide for, mustn't think of their feelings. I don't like him; but then I'm a mother, and love my baby! *You won't have Wagstaff, and that's flat!* Ha, Caudle, you're like nobody else—not fit for this world, you're not."

"What do you think of Pugsby? I can't bear his wife; but that's nothing to do with it. I know my duty to my babe: I wish other people did. What do you say? *Pugsby's a wicked fellow?* Ha! that's like you—always giving people a bad name. We mustn't always believe what the world says, Caudle; it doesn't become us Christians to do it. I only know that he hasn't chick or child; and, besides that, he's very strong interest in the Blue-coats; and so, if Pugsby—Now, don't fly out at the man in that manner. Caudle, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You can't speak well of anybody. Where do you think to go to?"

"What do you say, then, to Sniggins? Now don't bounce round in that way, letting the cold air into the bed! What's the matter with Sniggins? You wouldn't ask him a favor for the world?"

Well it's a good thing the baby has somebody to care for it: I will. What do you say? I shan't? I will, I can tell you. Sniggins, besides being a warm man, has good interest in the Customs; and there's nice pickings there, if one only goes the right way to get 'em. It's no use, Caudle, your fidgeting about—not a bit. I'm not going to have baby lost—sacrificed, I may say—like its brothers and sisters. What do I mean by sacrificed? Oh, you know what I mean very well. What have any of 'em got by their godfathers beyond a half-pint mug, a knife and fork, and spoon—and a shabby coat, that I know was bought second-hand, for I could almost swear to the place? And then there was your fine friend Hartley's wife—what did she give to Caroline? Why, a trumpery lace cap it made me blush to look at. What? It was the best she could afford? Then she'd no right to stand for the child. People who can't do better than that have no business to take the responsibility of godmother. They ought to know their duties better."

"Well, Caudle, you can't object to Goldman? Yes, you do? Was there ever such a man! What for? He's a usurper and a hunka? Well, I'm sure you've no business in this world, Caudle; you have such high-flown notions. Why, isn't the man as rich as the bank? And as for his being a usurper, isn't it all the better for those who come after him? I'm sure it's well there's some people in the world who save money, seeing the stupid creatures who throw it away. But you are the strangest man! I really believe you think money a sin, instead of the greatest blessing; for I can't mention any of our acquaintance that's rich—and I'm sure we don't know too many of such people—that you haven't something to say against 'em. It's only beggars that you like—people with not a shilling to bless themselves. Ha! though you're my husband, I must say it—you're a man of low notions, Caudle. I only hope none of the dear boys will take after their father!"

"And I should like to know what's the objection to Goldman? The only thing against him is his name; I must confess it, I don't like the name of Lazarus: it's low, and doesn't sound genteel—not at all respectable. But, after he's gone and done

what's proper for the child, the boy could easily slip Lazarus into Lawrence. I'm told the thing's done often. No, Caudle, don't say that—I'm not a mean woman; certainly not; quite the reverse. I've only a parent's love for my children; and I must say it—I wish everybody felt as I did."

"I suppose, if the truth was known, you'll like your tobacco-pipe friend, your pot-companion, Prettyman, to stand for the child? You'd have no objection? I thought not! Yes; I knew what it was coming to. He's a beggar, he is; and a person who stays out half the night; yes, he does; and it's no use your denying it—a beggar and a tippler, and that's the man you'd make godfather to your own flesh and blood! Upon my word, Caudle, it's enough to make a woman get up and dress herself to hear you talk."

"Well, I can hardly tell you, if you won't have Wagstaff, or Pugsby, or Sniggins, or Goldman, or somebody that's respectable, to do what's proper, the child shan't be christened at all. As for Prettyman, or any such raff—no, never! I'm sure there's a certain set of people that poverty's catching from, and that Prettyman's one of 'em. Now, Caudle, I won't have my dear child lost by any of your spittoon acquaintance, I can tell you."

"No; unless I can have my way, the child shan't be christened at all. What do you say? *It must have a name?* There's no 'must' at all in the case—none. No; it shall have no name; and then see what the world will say. I'll call it Number Six—yes, that will do as well as anything else, unless I've the godfather I like. Number Six Caudle—a much better name than Mr. Prettyman could give; yes, Number Six! What do you say? *Anything but Number Seven?* Oh, Caudle, if ever—"

"At this moment," writes Caudle, "little Number Six began to cry; and taking advantage of the happy accident, I somehow got to sleep."

Fuss and Feathers.

MANY are the people whose lives are made up of fuss and feathers; whose emotions are all fuss and feathers; whose education, mind, income, experience, are also all fuss and feathers; the feathers sticking out awkwardly enough at times, and showing the naked flesh beneath. There is the wife of that Indian officer, well known to me, a plump, round-eyed, sleepy-voiced, soft-mannered woman, who has come home after ten years spent between the plains and the hills, with occasional dashes in camps, and once or twice a few jungle adventures to complete the picture. She has had wonderful opportunities for learning life and humanity, has this soft-voiced, many-faceted British matron of a certain age; yet she has not, I venture to affirm, a pennyworth of solid substance to a cart-load of fine feathers, fuss and feathers constituting the whole of her available moral capital and intellectual income, but giving her a rich appearance enough in the ivy-bush where she holds her court, and teaches the art of successful marrying to her young.

And yet what advantages she has had! She has traveled; she has crossed the broad seas; she has lived in a strange country; seen new manners; mixed with a foreign race; and heard the mysteries of an old and venerable faith—a faith which molded civilization and humanity centuries before A. D. was written. But she has brought back nothing save pretense and show to the home ivy-bush where she sits mousing with her young. She makes a wonderful parade undoubtedly; she calls her dark-skinned nurse with the sheet wrapped round her, "ayah;" she says "cheep" to her children when they are more noisy than diverting; she sings little Hindoo-stance songs about taza be taza and the like; she calls luncheon "tiffin," and knows the mysteries of griffing and pig-sticking; and she bores the whole society to death with reminiscences of her Indian life, and regrets for the paradise of "attention" which she possessed then and has lost now. But she knows no more. For all that constitutes real acquaintance with the people among whom she lived for ten long years, she is as ignorant as the babe unborn.

And the like may be said of her husband, whose twenty years of service have taught him only that the inhabitants of Hindooostan are niggers to be thrashed and swore at, but in no wise to be treated as equals or as gentlemen—not even the native princess nor the most highly educated philosophers—being dogs and niggers all; that Anglo-Saxon energy is indomitable and divinely guided, and Anglo-Saxon rule destined to be universal, no matter by what amount of misery maintained; and that the cream of all creation, entitled to despise every other human being as only just so much miserable skim-milk fit for feeding pigs, and fit for nothing else, is an Anglo-Saxon officer, wearing her Majesty's uniform, and commanding colored troops north of Calcutta.

This is the sum of what that Indian officer and his wife learnt among the worshippers of Buddha and the high-caste Brahmins of untainted blood; but they give themselves out as authorities on all Eastern matters, from historical intricacies to ethnological mysteries; and no one in or about the Hampshire ivy-bush dreams of contradicting their opinions, or imagines that further depths of knowledge are possible to the Anglo-Saxon military holder.

These are types of the British resident in India and elsewhere—patterns of the great web of pride and ignorance which those who believe themselves to be a superior race spend their lives in weaving—minds all fuss, and all solidity of appearance only feathers, but drafted off as rulers to our distant possessions. And then we wonder that the wheels of government sometimes run with a hitch, and that bayonets are not yet beaten

DANCING ACADEMY IN SEVILLE.

From the "Voyage in Spain," by Gustave Doré and Charles Davillier, we translate the following account of a dancing academy, and reproduce the illustration by Doré:

"There are few strangers who stay any time in the capital of Andalusia without desiring to know the famous dances which are so much spoken of. At the theatre it is rare that the evening's entertainment does not end with the *baile nacional*, a ballet which gives effect to the representation, and sometimes is worth more than the comedy or the drama, hence the proverb—that the dance is the sance of the comedy. But, besides the theatrical dances, there are popular dances, such as are seen at the faire, during the pilgrimages, in the taverns of the city or the suburbs, and, finally, the balls which are given from time to time in certain establishments which take the title of dancing academies or schools, and the programmes of which the directors never fail to send to the hotels. One morning we received, printed on rose-colored paper, an announcement of a ball given by Don Luis Botella, the director of a dancing academy. This announcement, written partly in French and partly in Spanish, contained the most seductive promises, and induced our travelers to be present.

"The saloon in question, called promiscuously by the proprietor an academy, was, in reality, only a large room, rather longer than broad, the decoration and furniture of which were of a simplicity worthy of the earliest times. Having arrived the first, we could take an inventory of them at our ease. Four large sofas, stuffed with straw, were ranged along the sides, and some chairs, a certain number of which were reserved for the dancers, formed all the furniture of the saloon; the windows were decorated with curtains of white cotton, bordered with red and yellow; while upon the white-washed walls were hung some pine frames, varnished, containing pictures of subjects relating to the Andalusian dances. While we talked with the master of the house the saloon commenced to fill, and we saw arrive in succession the amateurs of the place, wearing, generally, the black or maroon-colored pantaloons and the short waistcoat peculiar to Andalusia. They were almost all workmen, for persons of the elevated classes rarely are present at the *bailes de pallos*, that is, the balls where castanets are used. Then came the travelers of various nationalities, Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen and Russians, accompanied by some ladies, whom curiosity had brought even here, and then a blind man, led by a boy, and carrying a fiddle in his hand. This blind man formed the whole orchestra. The price of admission varied according to the supposed rank of those presenting themselves for admission, from four to twenty cents. Finally, with the cry from the director, 'Room for the dancers!' the *corps de ballet* entered, and, walking proudly the whole length of the hall, stopped at the lower end.

"Meanwhile, the director hurried backward and forward, arranging the seats for his public, taking great care to reserve the best for those strangers who, having paid for their entrance the highest price, seemed to him to be persons of consequence. A certain number of Russians and *Ingles-Mangis*, as is the name given to Englishmen, received the greatest attention from the director, and took front seats, impatient for the dances to commence, while the natives remained generally standing, as was fitting for those who had paid only half price, or not at all.

"During this time the blind fiddler commenced, in a shrill key, to play the first notes of a dance-tune, while two of the dancers took positions face to face, their right feet pointed in front, and resting upon the left, amid the applause of the spectators. The two dancers, fired by the clapping of the hands and the enthusiastic shouts of the assistants, commenced the dance, redoubling their efforts, and in a few minutes gave place to another couple, who, in turn, were replaced by a third. The first couple then appeared again, and the same round was kept up, each couple in turn appearing and disappearing for a few minutes. This was the opening dance, called the 'boleras ubadas,' or disappearing dance, because each couple in turn disappears and returns a moment afterward. After this was finished the whole company adjourned to the refreshment-room, where the dancers accepted and disposed of any quantity of sweetmeats, cakes, sherbet and other

refreshments. This part of the performance was interrupted by the advent of the chief dancer, La Campanera, a tall brunette, slender and agile, who entered with the most perfect self-possession. There are few strangers who, during their stay in Seville, have not heard of La Campanera, either at the theatre, the dancing-school or in ascending the Giralda, for the *danses* lives in the bell-tower of the cathedral with her father, the bell-ringer.

"La Campanera took her position, alone, in the middle of the circle, to dance the 'Jaleo de Jerez,' the first steps of which she executed with great energy, accompanied by the poor blind fiddler, who lost the time, played out of tune, and finally excited the discontent of the native company, who cried, 'Away with the fiddle! Let us have the guitar.' The guitar-player had not, however, arrived, and, as the fiddler stopped, Doré himself took the violin, and played the 'Jaleo' with great spirit, for Doré, besides being an artist, plays finely upon the violin, as the following lines, written by Rossini below the copy of his own portrait which

Madame Doublet's News-Saloon.

MADAME DOUBLET is the most celebrated and persevering of all the ladies who by turns kept salons open to the wits and scholars of their day. During sixty years—she died in 1771—she managed to draw to her rooms, in the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, all the clever and daring thinkers and gossipers of her day. They met to supply the news that the government press dared not print. In one of those long wigs invented by the Duke of Nevers, sat Bachaumont the constant, as president of the society. Every member of the privileged circle had his own arm-chair, with his portrait hanging over it. In this room the presiding goddess and gossip-in-chief spent forty years, without once passing from it into the world. It may be that she felt she knew more of the world of Paris than any second person in it. To her feet churchmen, academicians, courtiers and comedians brought the lawsuits, quarrels, births and deaths, the successes and failures, the jokes and retorts, and, above all, the thousand and one rumors of the great chattering city. So famous were the frequenters of Madame Doublet's news-room in the convent, that Piron approached it trembling,

served, that this secret literature was not written by scribes of base degree, hungering for liveries, and carelessness of their name. In this famous news-room of the Filles-Saint-Thomas the best society of Paris congregated during forty years; and from the most cultivated men the registers received daily contributions. Extracts from these registers were made by Madame Doublet's servants, who sold them to the public, and so produced for themselves a goodly income.

It was not probable that transcripts from Madame Doublet's famous registers should be distributed without falling occasionally under the evil eye of the police. These fly-sheets of mischievous manuscript were becoming too numerous and too popular to escape the attention of the court. When the court was quarreling with the parliament, Madame Doublet received, what she no doubt expected, a letter from the Marquis of Argenson, addressed from Versailles. The court could not sanction the liberty of speech she permitted her guests, nor the free comments on passing events which her registers contained.

Freedom of thought and writing could not but disappoint the king, said D'Argenson; and his Majesty warned Madame of his royal displeasure before resorting to severer measures. She was to learn that the king's warning was an effort of his royal bounty; and that if she did not break up her circle at once, and shut up her registers, she would find herself shortly in an awkward predicament.

Madame promised to respect the injunctions of the king; but we find her nephew, the Duke of Choiseul, declaring, in 1762, that his aunt was more difficult to govern than all Europe. The lady was not to be frowned down like a school-girl. Whimsically ill-tempered, the duke writes of "that woman, my very dear aunt."

The occasion of this displeasure was a false rumor, traced to the celebrated news-repository of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, that the squadron of M. de Blanac had been taken by the enemy. "Signify to her," says the duke, addressing himself to the Lieutenant of police, "that if again such a rumor comes from her house, the king will shut her in a convent, whence she will not be able to distribute news as impudent as they are harmful to the service of the king."

Madame, however, had strong nerves. The duke's threat produced neither hysterics nor fainting-fit. But she was puzzled to discover how the gossip of her *salon* traveled to Versailles. Charles Defieux, Chevalier of Moutry, member of the Academy of Dijon, author and spy, might have satisfied the lady's curiosity. Defieux had wormed himself into the system, and recommended lesser spies than himself, who should drink with Madame's servants, and teach them how to betray in their cups. Madame d'Argental had also a bulletin of news based on that of her friend Madame Doublet. The Duke de Choiseul suggested a dungeon to the former lady, and her servant was thrown into prison. Neither spies, nor letters, nor visits from the lieutenant of police appear to have made inroads on the health of the great lady of the Filles-Saint-Thomas. Her passion for news and love of great and clever company sustained her to the ripe age of ninety-four years. She survived by a few days even presiding philosopher of the long wig, M. de Bachaumont. It was said of her that, dying, she still called for news, and still news—to carry with her to her friends in the other world.

The famous registers kept in Madame Doublet's *salon*, under the presidency of Bachaumont, were subsequently published under the title of "Secret Memoirs," &c., by Mairobert, one of Madame Doublet's pupils—memoirs which, with the additions subsequently made to them, are valuable materials for the student of French history. They were so full of material that they furnished the matter of the *Scandalous Chronicle*, the *Spy of the Boulevards*, and other collections. The collections of the well-known Metra's secret correspondence—Grimm said Metra had the largest nose that had ever been known in France—was published about the time that Mad. Doublet's registers appeared, in eighteen volumes. These publications are the answers made by daring people to the craving for news, which the government

would not permit the *Gazette* to satisfy.

DANGEROUS PAPER.—Professor Seeley says there is a great difference in the combustibility of common papers. Enamelled card paper, on account of its compact body and the presence of mineral matter, white lead or barytes, is quite disinclined to burn; in fact some kinds are practically fire-proof. White writing and printing-paper can seldom be lighted by a spark, and when ignited by a flame, it requires dexterity to keep it burning. On the other hand, there is a common reddish-yellow paper which, in some circumstances, is as dangerous as gunpowder. It takes fire by the smallest spark, and burns like tinder; when once lighted, if left alone it is sure to be consumed completely. All the yellow and buff paper which I have tested, out of which envelopes are made, partakes more or less of the same character. I have no doubt that such paper has been the occasion of some of the fires which have been otherwise unexplained, such as the fires in paper warehouses and offices of professional men. A spark of fire or the stump of a lighted cigar, falling in a waste-basket containing yellow envelopes with other kind of paper, would have a good chance of setting the whole on fire.



A DANCING ACADEMY AT SEVILLE, SPAIN.

he sent to Doré shows: 'A souvenir of great friendship, offered to Gustave Doré, who, to his genius as an artist and designer, joins a distinguished talent as a violinist, and a charming ability as tenor, if you please.—G. ROSSINI.' The Campanera, electrified by Doré's bow, surpassed herself, and finished the dance with great applause. In the midst of her triumph, she did not, however, lose her self-possession, for, casting her eye upon an Englishman with long red whiskers, she threw him, as she went off, her small embroidered handkerchief. The Englishman examined it, and looked at us with an air of astonishment. We explained that the dancers of Andalusia, like those of India, are in the habit of throwing their handkerchief to some one of the spectators who has attracted their attention, with the expectation that, in payment of so distinguished an attention, he will return it with a gold-piece tied in the corner. This the Englishman did with a good grace, and La Campanera having received it on her return, thanked him by dancing another dance of his selection."

Here was little reverence for the ruling powers. Epigrams for reigning favorites; Jansenist doctrine given in downright expression; with the indefatigable Bachaumont shaking his long wig over all. Two huge registers lay open upon the table—one for facts, one for mere rumors. These two registers, regulated by busy Madame Doublet de Pernier herself, are the parents of the famous *Nouvelles à la Main* of the also famous "Secret Memoirs." The most interesting news of the day—news compared with which that in the *Gazette* was worthless—traveled stealthily, not only through Paris, but through France.

As the lady's guests arrived, they read the register of the day; and each man added the fact or the rumor he had gathered to the general stock. These registers, then, were chronicles of the time, written by churchmen, scholars, and eminent men of the world. They included criticisms on new pieces; accounts of law proceedings and literary meetings; notices of new prohibited books; poems too free for print; court and society scandal; anecdotes and mots; in short, all news and rumors for the publication of which the Lieutenant of police would not only have shaken the keys of Vincennes under the nose of Mr. Fréron. Let it be ob-

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



"SPEAK GENTLY."

HOME INCIDENTS.

Speak Gently.

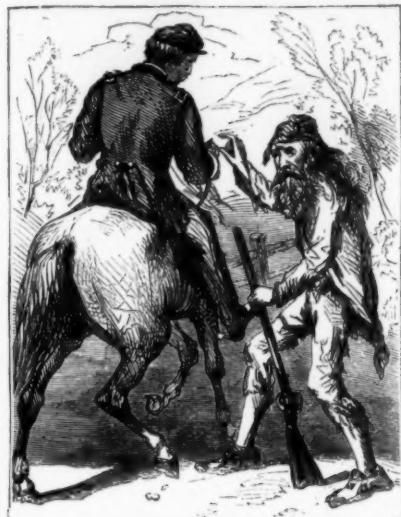
In a sleeping-car, recently, a man in one of the berths became greatly annoyed by a crying child whom its father was endeavoring to quiet. The irate individual shouted out, "What the devil is the matter with that young one?" And soon again, "Where is the mother of that child, that she is not here to pacify it?" At this the poor gentleman in charge of the child stepped up to the berth and said: "Sir, the mother of the child is in her coffin in the baggage-car!" The grumbler immediately arose and compelled the afflicted father to retire to his berth, and from that time until morning took the little orphan under his own care."

Pat and the Deacon.

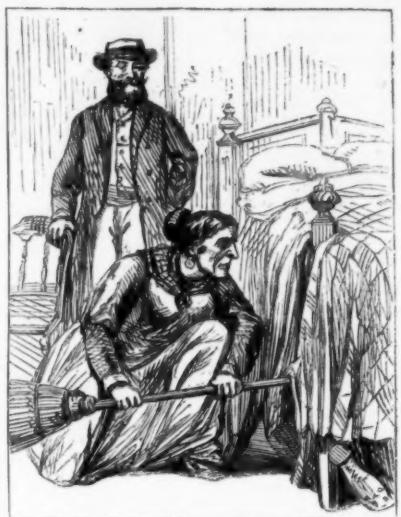
A few months ago, as Deacon Ingalls, of Swampscot, R. I., was traveling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman, who had lately arrived in this country. Pat was a strong man,



A COURAGEOUS ENGINEER.



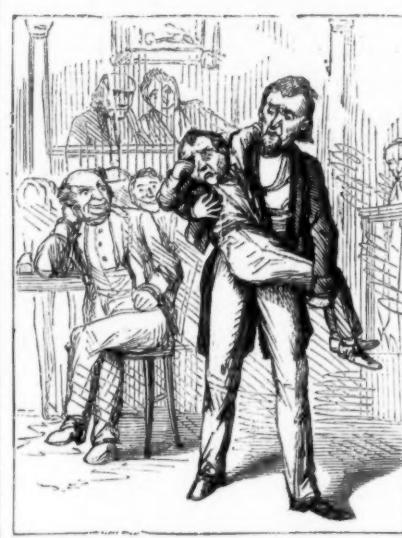
A CONFEDERATE RIP VAN WINKLE.



CONQUERED BUT NOT SUBDUED.



PAT AND THE DEACON.



WORKING UP THE CASE.



OVERPOWERED BY WOLVES.



ATTACKED BY A MUSKRAT.

true Roman Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. Ingalls was a pious man. He told Pat he was going to church, and invited his new-made friend to keep him company thither, his destination being a small Methodist meeting-house near by. He accepted the invitation. "Sure, and isn't this a heretic church?" "Hush!" said Ingalls; "if you speak a word they will put you out." "Divil a word will I speak at all," said Pat. The meeting was opened by prayer by the pastor. Pat was eying him very closely, when an old gentleman, who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted out "Glory!" "Hist, ye devil!" rejoined Pat, with his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister; "be daient, and don't make a blockhead of yourself!" The person grew more fervent in his devotion. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan. "Hist, ye blackguard; have ye no decency at all?" said Pat, at the same time giving him a punch in the ribs, which caused him to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, and, extending his hand in a suppliant manner, said: "Brethren, we can-

removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling there asleep. 'Twas but the work of a moment to take up the sleeper, put in his place a log of wood, carefully replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the bushes to watch the result. After waiting there a short time, he heard the wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by others, till the woods seemed alive with fearful sounds. The howl came nearer, and in a few minutes a large, gaunt, savage-looking wolf, leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly on the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. As soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to abject fear. He shrank back, cowering to the ground, and passively waited his fate, for the rest, enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him to pieces, and devoured him on the spot. When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled around, plunged into the forest, and disappeared; within ten minutes of their first appearance, not a wolf was to be seen. The boy, after playing

threw itself back to avert the catastrophe. Meanwhile the other engineer had done the same thing with his locomotive; but it was possible only to modify the shock. Together rushed those two panting and reluctant giants, their joint weight not less than sixty tons, with the gathered momentum of their following trains. They rose like two furious animals in fight, standing on end, and in a trice the two splendid machines were a wreck. The cars behind them were also badly crushed. Orsbone did not leap from his engine, but never moving his hands from the levers which controlled it, he stood as resolute as a rock at his post until the shock came, and then, quick as thought, adjusted his valves to allow the steam to escape without an explosion. Our war can furnish no clearer proof of the finest courage than that. At the crossing of the Morris and Essex railway and Orange turnpike may be seen a flagman with one leg. The other he lost in the wreck I have just described. Had he had Orsbone's nerve to face danger, he would have escaped also unhurt. Poor fellow! the man who issued the presumptuous blunder

money." "Is that so?" asked the highwayman. "Be me sowl, it's the Gospel truth," replied Pat. "Well, then, you had better proceed on your way; it wouldn't pay to go through you now." Pat shouldered his carpet-bag, and they were about to separate, when he turned around and said, "Have ye iver such a thing as a match to light me pipe wid?" He was supplied with one, and the two separated. The Irishman had \$500 in gold coin in his bundle, and by this piece of shrewdness saved his head and his money.

A Confederate Rip Van Winkle.

An officer of the Federal army stationed with the garrison at Lynchburg, Va., while riding in the neighborhood, met suddenly with a very rusty specimen of a confederate soldier, who said he wanted to surrender himself. Being questioned as to whether he had committed some crime, he said that he had deserted from the confederate army in 1861 and taken refuge in the mountains, where, having recently heard of Lee's proclamation of amnesty to all deserters who would rejoin the army, he had resolved to come in and surrender



A THRILLING WOLF STORY.



A ROAD AGENT OUTWITTED.



A REMARKABLE MARRIAGE.



AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD IN TENNESSEE.

himself. When he was assured that Lee had surrendered, that the war was over, and he could go to his home, his delighted astonishment knew no bounds. Having been fortified in his loyalty by taking the oath, he was sent rejoicing on his way to North Carolina, where he had lived before the war.

Overpowered by Wolves.

A man, named Moody, was killed by wolves in White county, Texas, a short time ago. He had been out bear-hunting, and killing a bear, got some of the animal's blood upon his clothes, which the wolves scented. Of the pack which attacked him he killed three, and was then overpowered.

A Remarkable Marriage.

A loving couple at Sharpsburg, Ky., had appointed a recent Thursday evening for the celebration of their nuptials; but unfortunately the young gentleman who procured the license failed to make his appearance with that important document, and after waiting a long time the minister's patience wore out and he departed.

Another clergyman was sent for, but owing to the lateness of the hour and the inclemency of the weather he refused to comply, and the ceremony had to be postponed till the next day. In the meantime the person having the license appeared, and in due time on the morrow the minister was on his way to the residence of the bride; but on arriving on the banks of the classic Hinkston creek, the flood had placed an impassable barrier in his way. Not to be thwarted this time, however, one of the bridal attendants swam the stream with the license, the bride and groom, mounted on horseback, drew near the water's edge, the minister mounted a stump, and from the opposite side of the stream proceeded to solemnize the marriage rites according to the statutes of Kentucky. Thus were Perry Jewell and Hannah Shroul, both of Bourbon county, made one flesh and bade go on their way rejoicing.

Conquered but not Subdued.

A friend from Rochester, New York, writes us that he was around hunting a house for friend, and called to see a family who were preparing to vacate a cozy dwelling. As the door stood open, he walked in without knocking, and his eyes fell straightway on the dame of the household, who was making frantic lungen with a broomstick at some object under the bed. "Good-morning, my dear madam. Ah! you have a troublesome cat under the bed?" "Troublesome cat?—no, sir! It's that sneaking husband of mine; and I'll have him out or break every bone in his body!" "You will, eh?" said a faint voice under the bed. "Now, Susy, you may rave and pound, and pound and rave, but I'll be dogged if I'll come out from under this bed while I've got the spirit of a man about me!"

Attacked by a Muskrat.

Recently in Baltimore, about nine o'clock in the evening, as Mr. Michael Welch was passing through West Baltimore street, when near the corner of Nahant street, he noticed a small animal crossing the street and coming toward him. As it came up to him, the creature sprang fiercely at his legs and tried to bite him. By the light of a street lamp Mr. Welch saw that it was a good-sized muskrat, which repeated its attacks several times, leaping up and at him very savagely. Mr. Welch was obliged to defend himself, and struck the creature with a tin pail which he had in his hand, and finally killed it. How the muskrat came to be in such place, and what could have induced it to attack a man under such circumstances, is certainly a mystery. We never heard of an occurrence like it before.

An Incident of the Flood in Tennessee.

The late disastrous flood in East Tennessee, by which so much property was destroyed, and in some places many lives lost, gave rise to some noble deeds of heroic daring in persons saving the lives and property of others. One instance of this kind we illustrate. The village of Kingsport, situated on the banks of the Holston, some twenty-four miles below Jonesboro, suffered greatly in the loss of property, and many would have found watery graves if it had not been for the generous and heroic risk of life of Lieutenant James N. Cox, late of the 13th Tennessee cavalry, Federal army. It is impossible here to relate all of his risks and adventures, but one demands especial attention: There were two families of movers in a flatboat in the river below Mrs. Ann Phipps's, numbering fourteen persons—men, women, and children. The boat was fastened to a tree, but the river had surrounded it, and the sweeping torrent and drift-wood threatened every moment the destruction of the frail craft and its inmates. Some fifty or sixty persons were standing on the banks of the river, seemingly powerless, when Lieutenant Cox was sent for, who instantly seized a canoe, and, at the imminent peril of his own life, dashed through the rushing, turbulent waters to the boat, amid surging bodies of drift-wood, and a still swelling torrent, and with his strong, skillful arm, conveyed the entire fourteen souls safely to land among their friends, whose joyous acclamations rent the air. One of the men who was rescued had a large trunk in the boat, in which was a large sum of money, and he offered Lieutenant Cox a liberal reward if he would return to the boat and secure it; but with a truly noble spirit he replied, "I will risk life for life, but not for money." And in a few moments the boat was carried away with the overwhelming flood, and, with all its contents, soon destroyed. One fact connected with this sad scene must not be omitted. The canoe used by Lieutenant Cox belonged to a professed minister of the Gospel, who actually refused its use! But the brave young soldier had seen too much service in the Union army to be thus foiled in his noble purpose of saving the lives of these strangers, and immediately took possession of it, disregarding the wishes of the owner, and accomplished his generous work, for which he deserves all praise. The citizens of Kingsport will long treasure up in their memories the noble deeds and daring of Lieutenant Cox, while the heartless owner of the canoe will not soon be forgotten. He should remove where this infamous deed will never be heard of.

Mr. Peabody's Gift to the London Poor.

THE trustees of Mr. Peabody's gift for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of the laboring poor of London have made their annual report, in accordance with Mr. Peabody's express wish. By this statement it appears that the original fund has been increased, by the earnings of interest and rents, to the extent of £15,416, making the sum total of the trust, at the end of December, 1866, £165,416. This is exclusive of Mr. Peabody's supplementary gift of £100,000 for like purposes, which with its accumulation of interest, will not come into the power of the trustees till 1869. The operation of the plan has been satisfactory, and the sanitary results highly so. The sum of £40,397 was expended on the land and buildings at Islington; the receipts from which during the year were £1,717, from which £543 have to be deducted for taxes, working expenses, repairs, &c. In like manner, the investment in land and buildings at Spitalfields was £27,215, and the gross amount of rents £1,019; the taxes and expenses were £375. Four additional blocks of build-

ings have just been completed at Shadwell, and will afford accommodation for 400 families, or 2,000 persons. From these figures it appears that the income from the investment is between two and three per cent., which of course effectively prevents the investment from having any effect upon the condition of the ordinary system of real estate, since it comes under the head of a charity, and must of course be limited in its action. The real plan to pursue in such a case would be to build improved buildings, and let them at such remunerative rates as would make the undertaking a business operation, and force real estate owners to compete with it by offering the same, or better accommodations, at similar or lower rates. Real estate in this city brings in an average of at least ten per cent. in rent, while if any capitalist, desiring to imitate Mr. Peabody's course in London, would advance the money necessary for building houses which the occupiers could buy, by allowing the excess over the legal rate of seven per cent. to go toward the purchase money, he would institute a scheme of benevolence which would finally alter the whole condition of the real estate question in this city.

About Ghosts and Spirit Influence.

THE trial of Colchester, at Buffalo, gives us some insight into the *modus operandi* of the mediums, and yet we could have wished the testimony of Anderson, the magician, had been more explicit. How is this writing on the arm produced?

Several years ago, when the writer was in Rochester during the Fox excitement, we remember of some funny experiments in which the younger members of that wondering place were highly amused.

The question of ghosts was being discussed, whether they were real or could the apparition be imitated?

Now, if we take phosphorus, and make a saturated solution of it in olive oil, and anoint any object of a ghost, "the original and only genuine" is closely imitated.

Well, we had quite an audience one night, and to insure against firing the dress of the expected ghost, we dipped the gown in the silicate of soda or liquid glass, and also the mask to be worn. The room was darkened, and the first performance passed off finely—the real ghost appeared before the audience, and table-rapping also was produced in the following manner:

The ghost had a hollow, flat box, under the gown, which had a ball inside, of lead. Now, when a rap was asked for, by a slight motion of the body, this ball struck the box, producing a sound, Fox-like in the extreme; and the manner of this exhibition, I believe, has never been published.

One night it became noised about that the ghost of Hamlet would appear with some of the spiritual sayings of that celebrated personage, but for some reason the gown prepared with the silica had not been brought, but as the Hamlet offered to risk a conflagration, another night-dress was procured, and the solution of phosphorus applied in the usual way. All went merry as a marriage-bell until the ghost began to use the words of the departed Hamlet, when the *robe du nuit* caught fire, threatening terrible consequences—but for the silicated mask would have been serious indeed. This tragic purloining seemed to rouse the ire of the real spirit of Hamlet, and put an end to the table-rappings and ghost exhibitions for some time.

Then we read in this Buffalo trial of the writing on the arm, as though it had been some new manifestation.

Now, if one wishes to try the experiment of this mysterious display, let him take a solution of gallic acid and write, say one hour before the expected show, the word "humbug" on his arm; then let his shirt-sleeve over the writing be dampened with a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and when your friend and inquirer wishes to see the writing on the arm, show him the place where you wrote humbug, and when his suspicions are quieted, press the shirt-sleeve down on the writing, and a brown or black writing stands out to his astonished vision.

To make the deception doubly sure friend of his should suggest some name of his departed friends whose spirit he would expect.

We can't see in these mysterious writings any performance compatible with scientific explanation. The color could be varied in a similar manner by using other substances; for instance, a colorless alkali writing may be changed to a red with a wet blue shirt-sleeve; so through the whole list of chemical reactions; and we purpose at some future time giving full directions for spirit-writings, either on the wall or on the arm, by some mysterious and unseen hand, and we shall give all the crack-brained theorizers notice that it is an old thing, and they must not adopt it as new or singular, as the nation shall know about the matter; therefore, it will be impossible to start a sect of spirit-writers on its ruins.

We think this trial of Colchester shows the fallacy of predictions.

What more probable answer could McCarthy have had to his question, "What business can I go into to make money?" than the oil business. Then the prediction that he would marry Miss Lot, after the former one, when he said he would marry Miss Stephens.

Any one that knows McCarthy could guess he was or had been married. We once had an old aunt who could tell a married man as soon as he came within ten rods. We asked her once why she didn't marry when a girl.

"Oh," says she, "he didn't come."

She had evidently spent her life-time in the study of the walk or appearance of men who had escaped celibacy.

In the testimony, Lewis Burts, who we remember as performing wonderful cures when we knew him, by the laying on of hands, and how he hastened friend's death who was "douched," rubbed, and fed on herbs and roots, while Burts up to the day of his death protested that he saw the protecting spirit hovering over him, and that he would recover; the same Burts that was

seen mystery in the sound of the wind through a splintered rail fence, and would immediately hurry home to consult a medium.

Colchester knew of his "new invention," for who in Rochester has not heard of something Burts was trying to invent or find out? and he further knew that the allusion to the stove hobby would please him, and, therefore, predicted a success, for if he had predicted a failure, Burts would have set him down as a false medium. Then Colchester predicted to Thrall that gold would be lower—very probable—but it happened that the facts didn't confirm this either. Another prediction about oil was in the future, and, therefore, undecided.

Now in this trial, as in all so-called spirit manifestation and clairvoyant predictions, one comes away as uncertain as before the consultation. Colchester was offered by Thrall four pieces of gold if he would tell the date, which he could not. There are no predictions in any case recorded where the medium or clairvoyant tells anything about the future; any school-boy could have guessed as well. The most probable occurrence is told as if it might be of stupendous importance.

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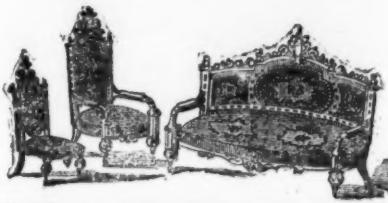
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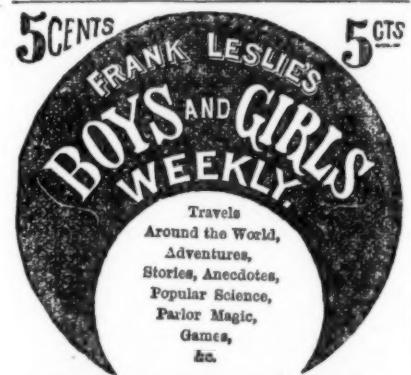
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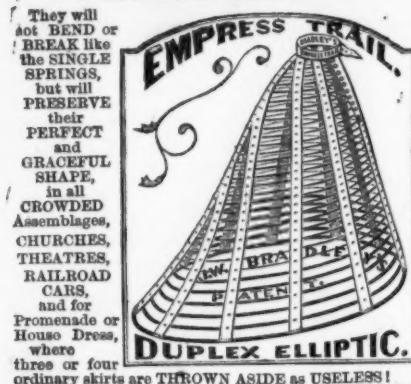
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